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AUGUST 17, 1973

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NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

The Strategy of Sam Ervin

The Wife of Onan and the Sons of Cain: To Abort, or Not To Abort

JOHN H. MILES JR.

Son of Sacco

FRANCIS RUSSELL

A Sixteen-Year-Old's European Vacation

L. BRENT BOZELL JR.

ROY E SMITH
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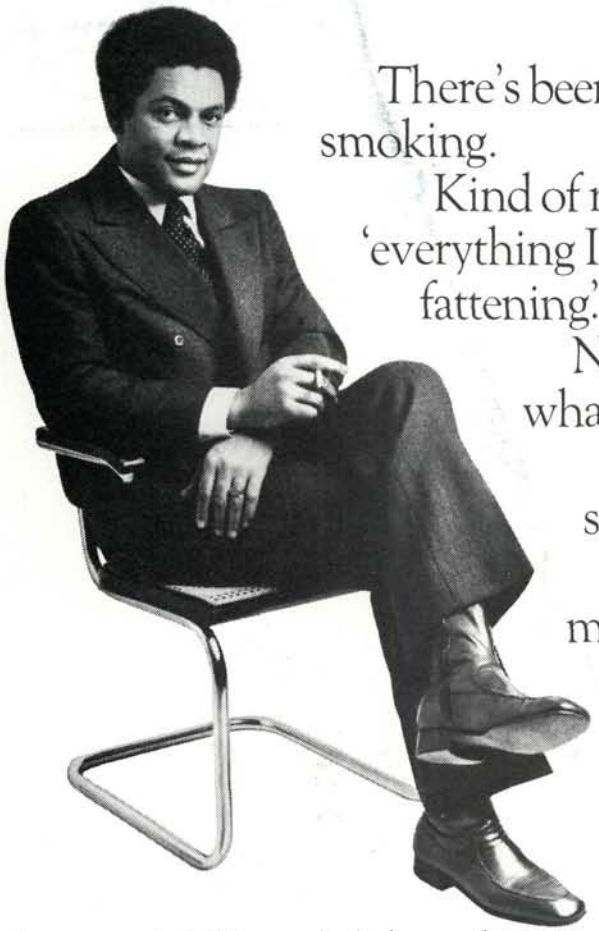
Maybe you'll smoke them for the same reason I do.



There's been a lot of words in the papers about smoking.

Kind of reminds me of that old line—'everything I like is either illegal, immoral, or fattening.'

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But, I just didn't want to give up smoking. I guess I enjoy it too much.

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New York, New York

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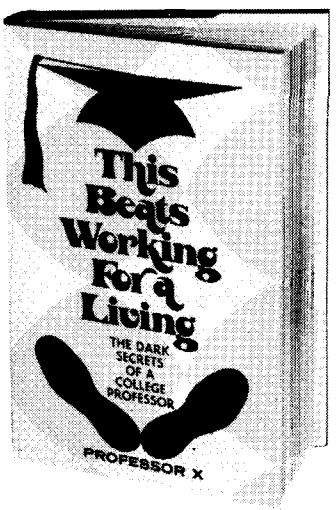

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Letters

Boys and Girls

There seem to be a few overstatements in George Gilder's provocative article, "On Rediscovering the Difference between Boys and Girls" [Aug. 3]. For example, remembering my own childhood, I really don't believe that kindergarten children see each other as sexual objects; and while the British experience may not apply to the United States, it is certainly not true in Britain that "homosexuality is evident neither at prep schools nor at parochial schools."

However, Mr. Gilder is to be commended for raising questions that have been ignored far too long. Besides the sexual tensions created by putting adolescent boys and girls in the same classroom, I'm sure every young man remembers the frustration he felt, even if he would have denied it at the time, because of the one or two girls in every class who always seemed to be brighter than he was. Most bright boys get over it, but many are put off education forever.

Perhaps the solution lies somewhere in the middle ground—coeducational schools up to, say, age 13, followed by segregated education at least through high school and possibly college as well. At any rate, it is something our educational leaders should think about, and soon.

New Haven, Conn. FREDERICK ELLIOT

I was somewhat amused by George Gilder's article, "On Rediscovering the Difference between Boys and Girls." Having spent 15 years in various coeducational schools (Catholic) I must confess that the viewpoint and observations of his article seem strangely foreign to me. Certainly in a "mixed" situation there is a moderate amount of sexual tension, even at the lower grade levels. Yet I could never bring myself to describe it in such pejorative terms: sex-in-the-cloakroom, etc. On the contrary, the wonderment with which the sexes approach each other at an early age is something almost sublime in its significance and beautiful in its innocence.

I do not believe that it is a natural thing to segregate the sexes even at adolescence, and I have found that the neurotic fear that "something will happen" is likely to produce sexual aberration and uneasiness when communicated to young people whose intentions are otherwise honorable. In fact, I believe that a coeducational experience is more conducive to maturity, which is of course gained only by experience and reflection, than a "segregated" situation, which breeds misconception and pseudo-innocence.

Actually, after a quick review of the article, my former amusement (slight) has turned to disgust. "These are the kinds of people who imagine that most males anywhere under any circumstances, short of affliction by senility, homosexuality, or Bella Abzug, ever refrain from regarding females as sexual objects." Is he serious? Naturally sex plays a vital role in a man's existence, but is it the desire of a man to have sexual relations with every woman he encounters unless she is somehow repulsive? How shall a young boy, absolutely seething with sexual prowess and desire, act toward the little girl next door, the babysitter, or even his sister? Would Mr. Gilder suggest that a boy be placed in an all-male convent to protect society and himself from his depraved nature? As far as the "educationally distracting" argument goes, Mr. Gilder seems to be philosophically attracted to the position of institutional control rather than self-control, the latter being a lesson to be learned as arithmetic or spelling must be learned.

Maple Heights, Ohio RICHARD SLEZAK JR.

The American Interest

Recent Brezhnev-Nixon visits and dialogue have left some confusion regarding Soviet trade and the American interest.

Your editorial "Foreign Aid Rebaptized" [July 6] leads this writer to a general conclusion: i.e., the U.S.-USSR trade issue is not a Soviet Jewish issue, not even an American Jewish issue.

Rather, the similar Mills-Vanik and Jackson legislation, which would deny most-favored-nation treatment and United States credit guarantees to the Soviet Union under present conditions, should be viewed as an opportunity for the American public to protect itself against a give-away program of credits and security risks.

They can best do this by showing their

(Continues on page 907)

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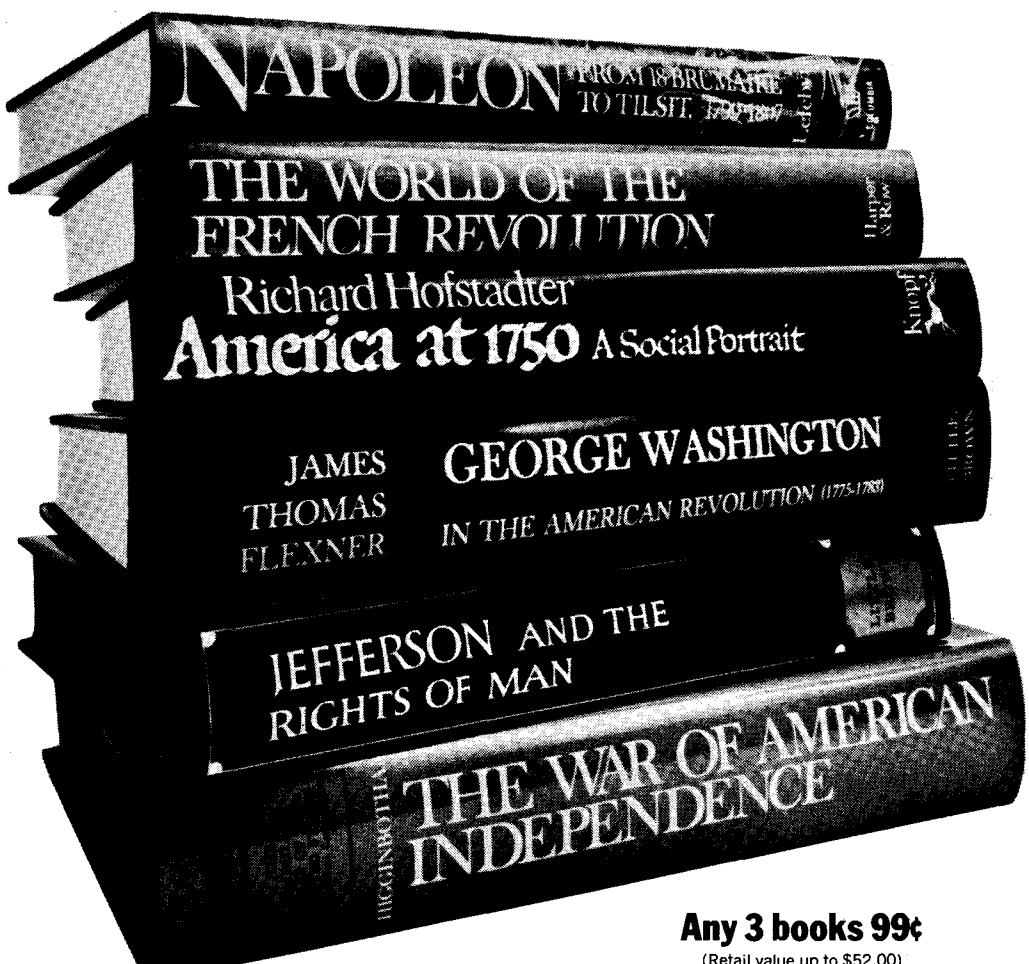

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FOR THE RECORD

■ What will it mean in November '74? **Evans & Novak**, in state-by-state rundown, conclude that Democrats may end up with three more Senate seats next year, which would mean a 60 to 40 breakdown in their favor. . . . More immediately, Republican politicos in Washington are watching by-election in Maryland Aug. 21 to fill the House seat of the late suicide, **William Miller**. Conservative State Senator **Bob Bauman**, former National Chairman of Young Americans for Freedom, running in a conservative Republican district, should win. If he doesn't they'll put it down to Watergate. . . . It's very clear in Virginia where Democrat-turned-Republican **Mills Godwin** says, "Given the climate in Virginia as of this time, I don't think it would be the thing to do." The thing he is talking about is having **Richard Nixon** campaign for him for governor, but Godwin says he would have "no such difficulties" in welcoming a helping hand from Vice President **Spiro Agnew**. . . . Eighty per cent of out-of-staters approve Sen. **Sam Ervin**'s handling of the Watergate hearings, but mail from the people in North Carolina shows 40 per cent there disapprove. Ervin's North Carolina colleague, conservative **Jesse Helms**, reports his mail is running 9 to 1 against the Committee hearings. (Helms, incidentally, also opposes schemes to have future elections paid for by the Treasury on the ground that "the people shouldn't be required to finance their own misery.") . . . *New York Times* reported the impeachment resolution submitted in the House last week by left-liberal Democratic Rep. **Robert Drinan** (a Jesuit priest) straight. Same day's *Washington Post* story added that members of both Houses of Congress revealed "near unanimous belief that Drinan's action was premature, that Congress should wait till all the findings from the Watergate investigation are in." . . . House Minority Leader **Gerald Ford**, saddened

Jones, *Montreal Star* Ben Roth Agency

that the advice of **Mel Laird** and **Bryce Harlow** wasn't taken (they had urged the President to turn over the tapes to Committee and Prosecutor), says he thinks the President is "on good grounds legally [but that] politically it was not a good move."

■ That Watergate break-in of Democratic National Committee a year ago has resulted in cutback of 25 per cent in staffers at Republican National Committee headquarters in Washington. Slash decided on because of what National Chairman **George Bush** calls "a severe decline in contributions." Another victim, RNC's popular weekly *Monday*. Editor **John Lofton**, who is moving on to write a thrice-weekly column for United Features Syndicate, opposed the discontinuance: "At a time when things are going badly we ought to be slugging harder than ever." . . . Here and there on Watergate: There's a move on for the formation of a **Committee for the Resignation of the President** (CRESP). . . . Maxine Cheshire reports **Jeb Stuart Magruder** has gotten offer to make a television documentary entitled "An Evening with a Watergate Family." . . . And the **University of Chicago** is scheduling a new course for the fall on Watergate.

■ "If I had sufficient reason to believe the people of Utah wanted me to serve them for the next term," said **George Romney** a month or so ago, he would run for the seat of Sen. Wallace Bennett, who is retiring. Now a Salt Lake City poll shows that Romney (a Mormon who grew up in Salt Lake City), is favored by 53 per cent of Utah Republicans. . . . **Gary Hart**, McGovern's campaign manager and author of a highly controversial book on the campaign, indicates he may run against Republican Sen. **Peter Dominick** in Colorado next year. . . . And just about everyone left, right, and middle seems interested in the seat presently occupied by the unsaintly senior senator from New York. Former Attorney General **Ramsey Clark**, now in law practice in NYC, says he might be considering running for the Senate. Former Rep. **Allard Lowenstein**, who helped Dump LBJ but lost out in '72 to veteran **John Rooney**, is anxious to take on **Jacob Javits,** and liberal Congressman **John Dow**, whose ADA rating is even higher than Javits', also is making campaign noises. On the Republican side there's a mini-swell for a primary battle by conservative Rep. **Jack Kemp.**

■ Missing, come fall, at the **University of California, Berkeley**, the office of University Disciplinarian. Created in 1967, it has been quietly abolished. . . . San Jose State University in California is getting a new faculty member (sociology) in September, author **Jessica Mitford** (*The American Way of Death*), whose course, "The American Way," will discuss "caskets, courts, conmen, and convicts." Miss Mitford is a longtime fellow traveler.

■ A party of **Brazilian explorers** trying to locate an isolated Indian tribe along the Amazon found them all right last week—using pots and mirrors stamped (in English) "Made in the People's Republic of China."

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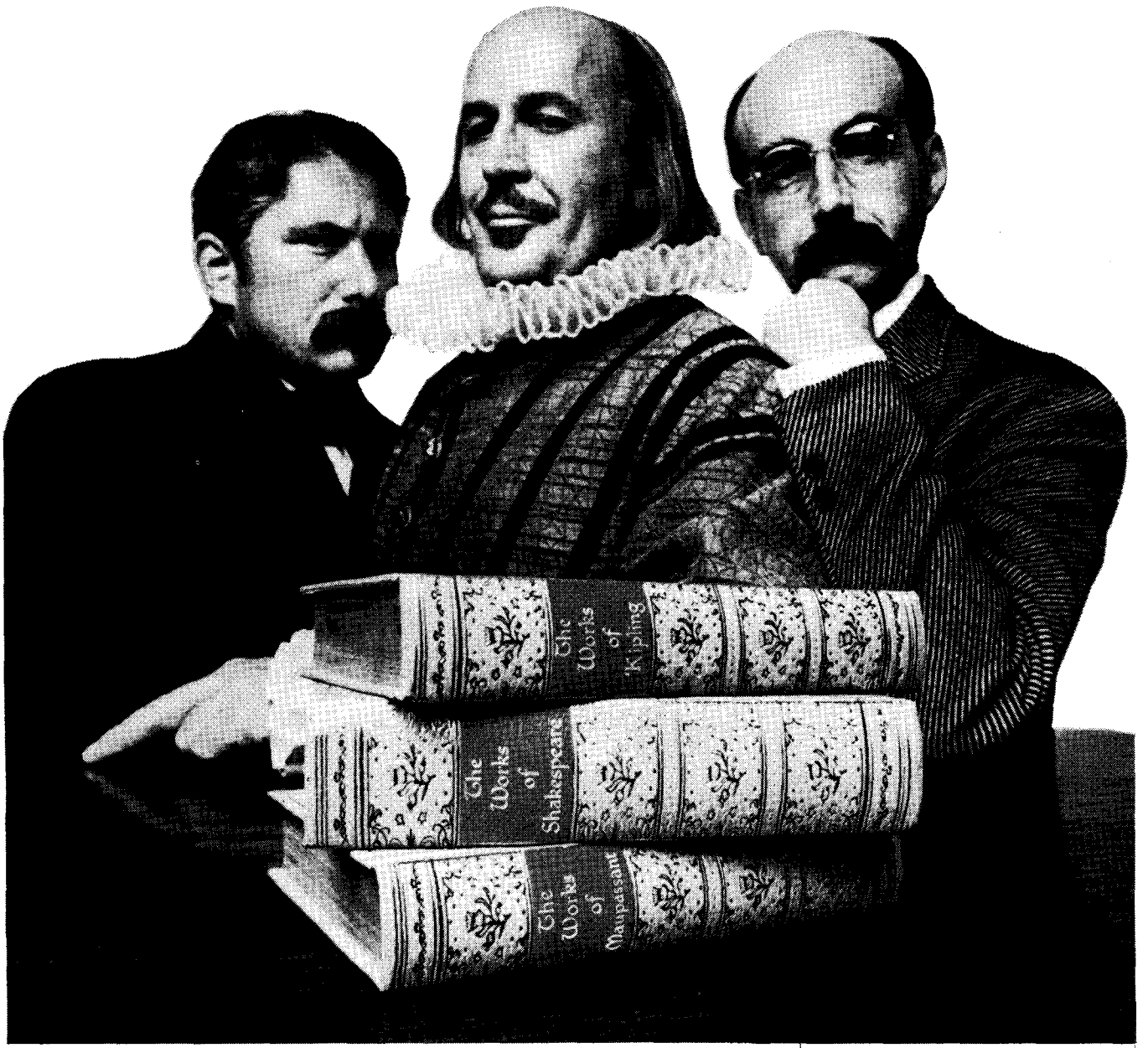
A TOUGH ACT TO FOLLOW.



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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

The wife of Onan, according to Scripture, coupled but did not conceive or bear, and the sons of Cain brought technology into the world. Their descendants are very much with us, says **John A. Miles Jr.**: Women's liberation seeks freedom from, primarily, pregnancy; and that freedom comes through modern technology, including, for example, abortion. Some say abortion is murder; Mr. Miles sees it as another milestone of the new "social technology." Correctly understood, he warns, abortion adumbrates much more than euthanasia. Mr. Miles, whose first *NR* appearance this is, holds a PhD from Harvard in Biblical studies, teaches comparative religion at Loyola University, and is investigating "the religious functionality of science in American society." . . . Shortly before their execution, Sacco and Vanzetti wrote sheaves of letters; among the most poignant (and best publicized) were their appeals to 15-year-old Dante Sacco to pick up the torch and fight for the downtrodden. But Sacco grew up to become a tax-paying, church-going pillar of the bourgeoisie; **Francis Russell**, who has devoted years of study to the Sacco-Vanzetti case, suggests the reason why. . . . A copy of a letter to his parents having fallen into our hands, we know exactly what **Brent Bozell Jr.** did on his summer vacation. Parents and boy are expected to recover. . . . In the past fortnight, other commentators have joined **James Burnham** in casting doubt on those atrocity stories from Mozambique (see "The Protracted Conflict" last issue). This time out, Mr. Burnham assesses the world-strategic importance of the "war of liberation" being fought in Mozambique. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.**'s week is made: Arthur Schlesinger declared that John Kennedy would never have taped White House conversations, whereupon it was learned that John Kennedy had, yup, taped White House conversations. Mr. Buckley thinks President Nixon should hand over the tapes—but not to Senator Ervin.

—CHS

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Books	**901**	Alexander Bickel on *Foreign Affairs and the Constitution* Walter Berns on the Civil War and the Constitution Jack Chatfield on *The New Left and the Origins of the Cold War* John Coyne on *Sturgeon's West*

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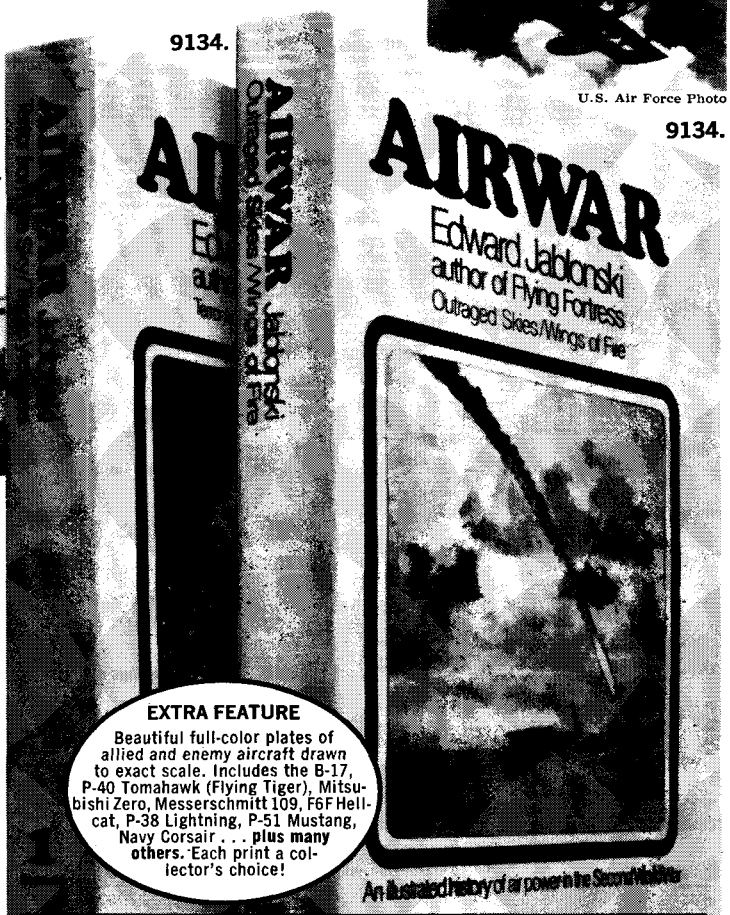
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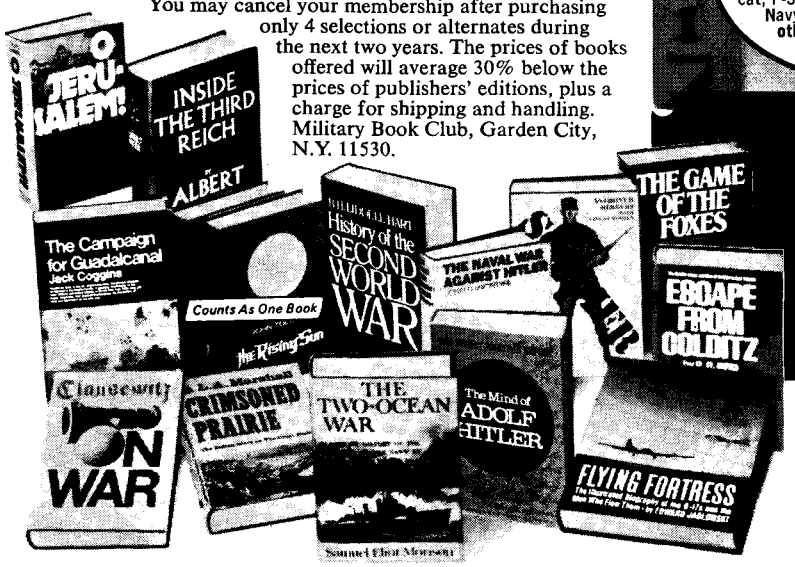

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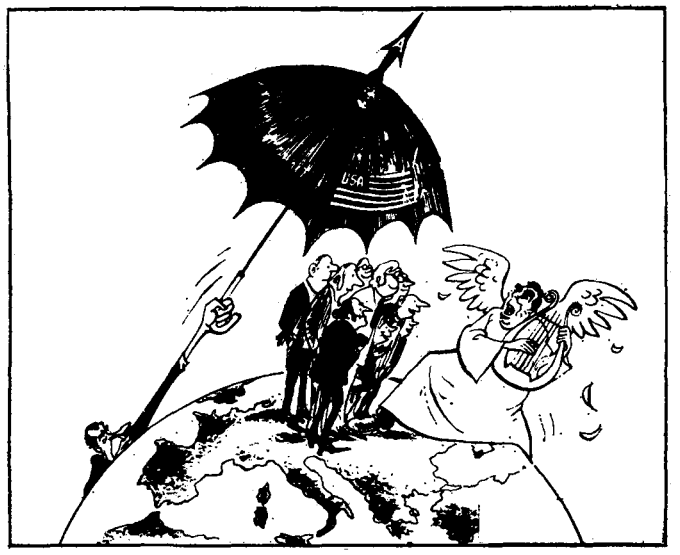
THE WEEK

■ In Caltanissetta, Sicily, one Guido Rizza, a baker, has been fined the equivalent of $1,000 and put out of business for four months for the crime of selling bread for a nickel a pound over the price "frozen" by the municipal price-control board. The Kentucky Colonels, a professional basketball team (ABA), have been purchased by Mrs. Eleanor D. Brown, who named an all-woman board of directors, who will sponsor coffees and teas to promote season-ticket sales. About ninety thousand Mexican couples were married in one week recently, often with their children attending, in response to an offer by the Mexican government for common-law couples to make it legal at government expense. Mary Ann Vecchio, the "kneeling girl" made famous by a photo of the Kent State shootings, has been arrested and fined in Miami for prostitution. Jaipur, India, is called the Pink City. Mr. John Parker of North Carolina was celebrating his daughter's wedding and pushed what he thought, he told the judge, was a traffic crosswalk button, which turned out to be a fire alarm; $1,000 fine and 360 days in the workhouse. Now back to the hearings.

■ If ever the clouds withdraw and the waters calm, the belief may emerge that the worst things the Watergaters did was to give people like Pete Hamill the opportunity to write things like this description of H. R. Haldeman: "The face has the bony German hardness, tempered over centuries of winter solitude, in flight from the Renaissance and the Mediterranean. We saw the face at the end of the Second World War, pleading innocence, patriotism, obedience to the leader. Killing was simply another operation, a problem of engineering to be solved . . ." (*New York Post*, August 1).



Behrendt, *Het Parool*, Amsterdam — Ben Roth Agency

European Security

■ The Federal Trade Commission suspects that the gasoline shortage was suddenly concocted by a conspiracy of major oil companies, though their refineries have been operating at full blast for some time. The eight biggest oil companies, says the FTC, are determined to destroy their tiniest rivals, but do not regard one another, or the middle-sized companies (Getty, Union, etc.) as competitors at all. The FTC is particularly worried about "vertical integration"—control of each stage of supply from oil wells to service stations—though such integration cannot create monopoly if there is competition in the final market. If the oil industry really is a cartel, it's a masochistic one: Prices for refined petroleum products have been rising at half the rate of other goods in recent years, and net profits from petroleum refining have fallen each year from 11.2 per cent of sales in 1966 to 6.5 per cent in the first three quarters of 1972. Oil majors aren't likely to keep building refineries, at $250 million each, while faced with the threat of divestiture.

■ The price freeze on beef brings weekly reports of fewer cattle brought to market, more meat packers slowing or shutting down, more hoarding, more reductions in quality to evade the price limit. The National Association of Food Chains predicts that beef supplies will be 40 per cent below par in early August. Some big cities can't find beef suppliers willing to bid on supplying hospitals and jails with beef. Freezer sales are up 45 per cent, as many consumers stock up in anticipation of further shortages and a whopping price bulge when the freeze is lifted. Finding little or no beef in the supermarket cases, many housewives have switched to poultry, eggs, and pork—driving the prices of those products up by as much as 25 per cent since Phase 3½. People are learning the hard way that prices have causes and consequences, and that even Presidents don't have the power to set them by decree.

■ After two years of the New Economic Policy, we're entitled to some good news about our economy. Here it is: The budget deficit for fiscal 1973 was a mere $14.4 billion (about $10 billion less than expected), and exports exceeded imports in the second quarter of this year, for the first time since 1970. Only a poor sport would point out that the deficit shrank because people were paying taxes on purely inflationary increases in their incomes, and that trade figures are higher partly because prices are higher.

■ The new (1973) edition of *Jane's Fighting Ships* has a section on the rapid development of the Chinese navy, which concludes that "it is questionable whether this navy is any longer in the 'self-defense' category." The editor, John Moore, stresses the new Chinese missile destroyers, already operational, and new, possibly nuclear, submarines that have been observed. Captain Moore is convinced the Chinese are currently able to

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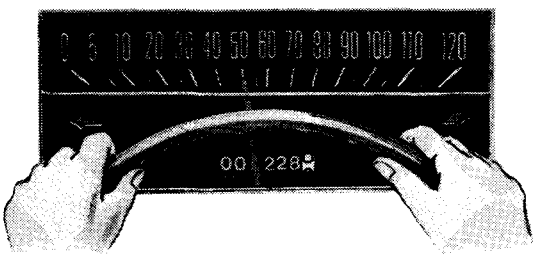
The Texaco Gasoline Economy Test.

Even if you fail it, what you learn can save you gasoline and money every time you get in your car.

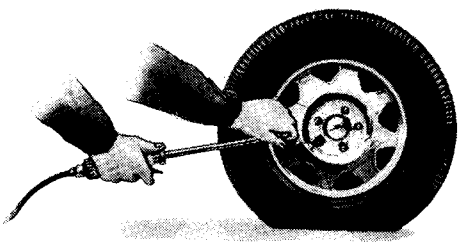
1. You know you use more gasoline when you drive at high speed. But do you know how much more? For example, about how much more gasoline do you use at 60 mph than at 50 mph?

☐ A. 2% ☐ B. 5% ☐ C. 10%



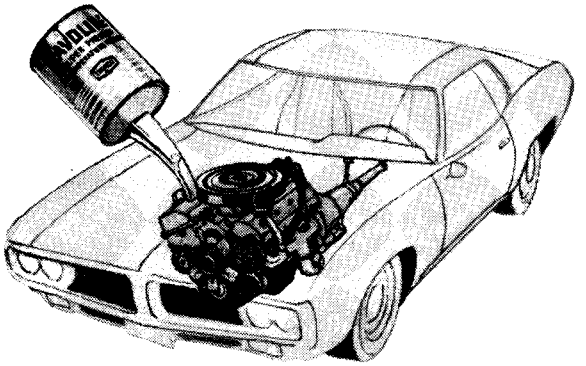
2. You waste gasoline if your tires are improperly inflated. But do you know which causes poorer mileage, overinflated tires or underinflated tires?

☐ A. Overinflated ☐ B. Underinflated



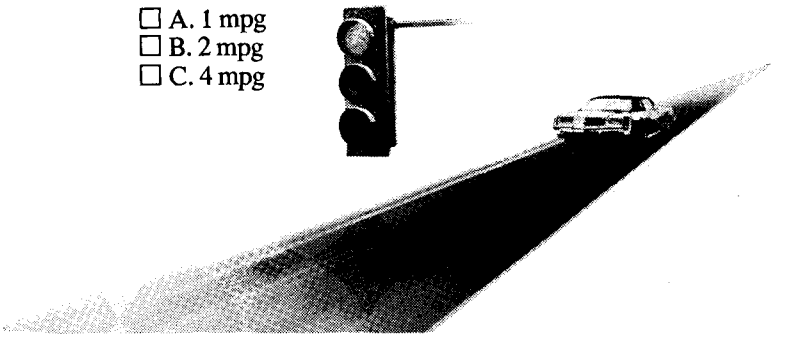
3. The kind of oil you use can affect engine performance, too. Do you know under what conditions it pays to use a premium motor oil like Havoline Super Premium?

☐ A. High-speed driving
☐ B. Hot-weather driving
☐ C. Stop-and-go driving



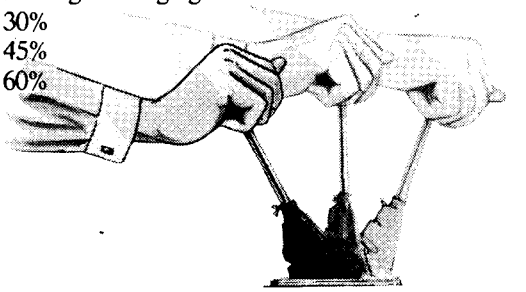
4. Jackrabbit starts eat up a lot more gasoline than slow-and-easy ones. But do you have any idea how many miles per gallon jackrabbit starts can cost you on the average?

☐ A. 1 mpg
☐ B. 2 mpg
☐ C. 4 mpg



5. If you have a standard shift, you can save gasoline by getting into high as quickly as possible. How much more gasoline do you think you use if you race along in 2nd rather than shifting into high gear?

☐ A. Up to 30%
☐ B. Up to 45%
☐ C. Up to 60%



6. A car that's not properly tuned-up is simply not using gasoline efficiently. About how much gasoline do you think it wastes?

☐ A. Up to 4%
☐ B. Up to 8%
☐ C. Up to 12%

Answers:
1. C 2. B 3. All three: A, B, C 4. B 5. B 6. B

TEXACO

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build Polaris-type, missile-carrying submarines even if they have not yet begun doing so, and he predicts that the Chinese navy will project a rapidly growing influence in the years immediately ahead.

■ One month in the life of Salvador Allende. He survives a military coup with the help of a still loyal army (22 persons are acknowledged to have been killed, the real number is closer to forty). Reuters reports 300,000 Chileans have left the country since Allende took office three years ago (unofficial reports say the number is closer to 800,000). AP reports the cost of living in Chile went up 238 per cent between May 1, 1972 and May 1, 1973—and the rate is increasing. A military aide was assassinated (the first political assassination in two years). The truck owners in Chile take their trucks out on strike (cars and trucks form lines eight blocks long and more in Santiago for dwindling supplies of gasoline and kerosene; fruit, vegetables, and meat have disappeared; Santiago is down to 30 per cent of its regular supplies). The Confederation of Ground Transportation (taxis and buses) threatens to join the strike. Allende is forced to meet with opposition leader Patricio Alwyn of the Christian Democrats. Alwyn's price for calling off his troops (the transportation firms, the middle-class merchants who organized last October's successful strike) is an Allende promise to disarm the militant extremists, to return private property seized illegally, to tell the Chileans what exactly he plans for them in the way of socialization. The talks are broken off. Allende probably couldn't deliver on those demands even if he wanted to. Impasse. The kind of impasse which, in Latin America, only too often gives way to violence.

■ Jerry Bruno may have written a book about it, but Shah Pahlevi of Iran proved that his advance men are light years ahead of our own. In less than a week they helped the Shah to pile up a series of triumphs for Iran which included: becoming the first Arab nation to invest in an American oil company; buying billions of dollars worth of sophisticated U.S. weapons; giving a Persian-delights theater party (caviar and Dom Perignon '66); rebuffing ill-prepared reporters in a press conference; and being welcomed by a million cheering Iranians.

■ Unfortunately, the 80 per cent yes vote endorsing the "presidential republic" of George Papadopoulos proves little one way or the other about the popularity or future prospects of his regime. One thing certain, the regime took few chances with the voting. It prepared the way with one of the most thorough propaganda campaigns ever launched in Greece. The power of the state was manifest everywhere: Martial law is still in effect in the Athens-Piraeus area, where about one-third of the population lives. To put it mildly, criticism of the regime is not encouraged. The regime also controlled the vote-counting procedure: Representatives of the no side were not present; the counting was done by a poll supervisor plus a panel of three citizens chosen by the courts from lists supplied by the regime. Charlie Manson could probably win an election thus organized. To be sure, all this need not imply that Papadopoulos is unpopular. Economic indicators are generally good; the alternatives to his leadership are either invisible or lack viability. In the wake of the voting, much speculation is taking place about whether Papadopoulos will actually hold the elections promised for 1974, but the possibility also exists that a dynamic group of officers might try to topple the regime. In that case the likelihood is for tanks in the streets and a harsher dictatorship.

On the Avenue

On Madison and Lexington,
Despite the grime and crime,
The gals have been announcing that
It's belly-button time.

W. H. von Dreele

■ It's hard to understand why there was so much trouble getting a replacement for Canada on the International Commission of Control and Supervision that functions under the Vietnam ceasefire accord. To judge by recent reports, you can have almost as much fun serving on the Commission as fixing up a house when you're President. The Polish delegation, for example, charged the ICCS $30,000 for the rent of its chief delegate's villa which the South Vietnamese government turned over to him for a token $10 monthly. The Hungarian delegation billed the ICCS and got $200 for the rest and recreation of each of its 290 members while the other three delegations were thoughtless enough to put in for only $19 each. The surplus is put to good use. The Hungarians and Poles have used their extra cash to buy tape recorders, portable radios, and other knickknacks that will please the home folks. When questioned about the unusual renting arrangement, the Polish spokesman took his stand squarely on international security: "Financial matters involving the Polish delegation are an internal affair of the ICCS and are not to be publicly revealed."

■ Although University of Massachusetts officials were impressed and even "awed" by the applications of some three hundred students, the admissions office said no. The students didn't belong to any favored minority group and the school has an "affirmative action commitment to recruit minority students." The New England Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, on the students' behalf, filed complaints with the university, the Massachusetts Commission against Discrimination, and the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Hesto presto, U Mass reversed itself, informing the students that their applications would be reviewed. Vice Chancellor Robert Gluckstern said the university "has no policy which establishes quotas based on race or sex or ethnic identity or other clearly illegal grounds."

■ Politicians lusting after more tax dollars to spend will

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Washingtonians are watching the Gallup Poll with a fascination usually reserved for election years. They are watching for "two numbers in the thirties." Between the last and the last-but-one poll the percentage of the American people in favor of compelling Mr. Nixon to leave office rose from 18 to 24. If the next poll (which will reflect public reaction to John Ehrlichman's testimony, and to Mr. Nixon's refusal to release the tapes) reveals another six-point increase, the percentage favoring removal will be thirty. If the next poll shows an increase of the same *proportion* reflected in the last one, the figure will be 32 per cent. In the last poll only 40 per cent approved Mr. Nixon's performance in office. Any dip will bring the approval rating into the thirties. It is impossible to gauge the impact of a poll showing the figures for those approving Mr. Nixon, and those who want him to resign, that close together.

■ John Ehrlichman's testimony before the Watergate Committee clashed at some point with most other testimony thus far heard. If he told no lies, then he established that the Committee has heard a flood of perjury from earlier witnesses. In fact, his story conflicts with stories told by 18 other persons—including Mr. Nixon. Ehrlichman says he was so busy with campaign issues that the only political activity he had time for was to insist that the Committee To Re-elect the President get to the bottom of the Watergate scandal. But that is not how Clark MacGregor, former Chairman of the Committee, remembers it: "I don't remember that Ehrlichman was a champion of disclosure during this particular period." The heart of Ehrlichman's testimony was that John Dean had done most of the wicked things on his own hook. Senators will weigh that; they will weigh all the particular conflicts between Ehrlichman's testimony and other testimony, against this statement by Jack Caulfield (who passed an offer of executive clemency from Dean to James McCord): "Since I had worked extensively for Mr. Dean and Mr. Ehrlichman and had formed an impression that Mr. Dean rarely made decisions on matters of consequence without speaking to Mr. Ehrlichman, my guess was that when Mr. Dean referred to 'high White House officials' he at least meant Mr. Ehrlichman."

■ A rude theory making the rounds among Democrats: Mr. Nixon likes the Watergate scandal because it is distracting attention from the coming "stagflation" (stagnation, linked with roaring inflation). Another grain deal with the Soviet Union may be coming up. That will increase the upward pressure on bread and flour prices, and on all foods (poultry, beef, pork, milk, cheese) the production of which involves feed grains. A beef shortage is on the way, a predictable result of keeping the freeze on beef prices until mid-September. Cattlemen say: Why sell now when we can sell later for more?

■ A sour theory making the rounds among just about all groups: Mr. Nixon should be grateful that the Watergate scandal has at least distracted attention from what is known as "Watergate West"—the still unraveling story about public expenditures for Mr. Nixon's private residences at Key Biscayne and San Clemente, and for the residences of some friends. It is now feared that the expenses, originally estimated (by the White House) at $39,000, soon will be revised upward from the currently confirmed figure of $2 million to around $10 million. The official White House position (that all the public money was spent on "security" measures for the President) unraveled even before it was learned that the purchases included decorator pillows. Now the "security" claim will be coming under intense press scrutiny at the same time as the White House claim that its burglaries were for "national security" will be under the scrutiny of the Watergate Committee.

■ Henry Kissinger is more itchy than ever to get out of the White House and become Secretary of State. Kissinger's supporters say the only way to save a shred of Mr. Nixon's foreign policy from the dismantling being done by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee is for Kissinger to be unleashed on Capitol Hill as Secretary of State—free to testify without the problems of executive privilege that follow White House staff wherever they go. But most Washingtonians, gauging the current disarray of the Administration and the feistiness of Congress, believe Kissinger can not halt the rot. His magic may be gone too.

■ Hunter Thompson, madcap journalist, sometime Hells Angels tag-along, and frequent contributor to *Rolling Stone*, plans to enter the Colorado Republican primary next year against incumbent Senator Peter Dominick.

—CATO

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go to almost any lengths not to say so. They are forever inventing such phrases as "tax restructuring" and "revising the revenue structure" as euphemisms for a tax increase. The taxpayer is well advised to keep abreast of the taxers' lexicon, in which connection we submit a couple of recent examples. Mr. Arthur Burns, Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, is calling for federal tax increases as a plan to "soak up purchasing power," which is just what Mr. Burns and the Fed have been doing to the country for years and years; however, a tax increase would not "soak up" but merely transfer purchasing power from the earners to the soakers. Cost of Living Chairman John Dunlop, a former Harvard prof, is also calling for a tax increase to "harness demand pressure," which is to say, raise the cost of living for everyone except bureaucrats.

■ If Richard Nixon had taken Erasmus' advice from the beginning of his Presidency, he would not be in such a *confiture* today. Erasmus wrote in *The Education of a Christian Prince*: "It is not enough for the prince to keep his own character pure and uncorrupted for his state. He must give no less serious attention, in so far as he can, to see that every member of his household . . . follows his example. They are one with the prince, and any hatred that is aroused by their vicious acts rebounds upon the prince himself. But, someone will say, this supervision is extremely difficult to accomplish. It will be easy enough if the prince is careful to admit only the best men into his household, and if he makes them understand that the prince is most pleased by that which is best for the people. Otherwise it too often turns out that, due to the disregard of the prince in these

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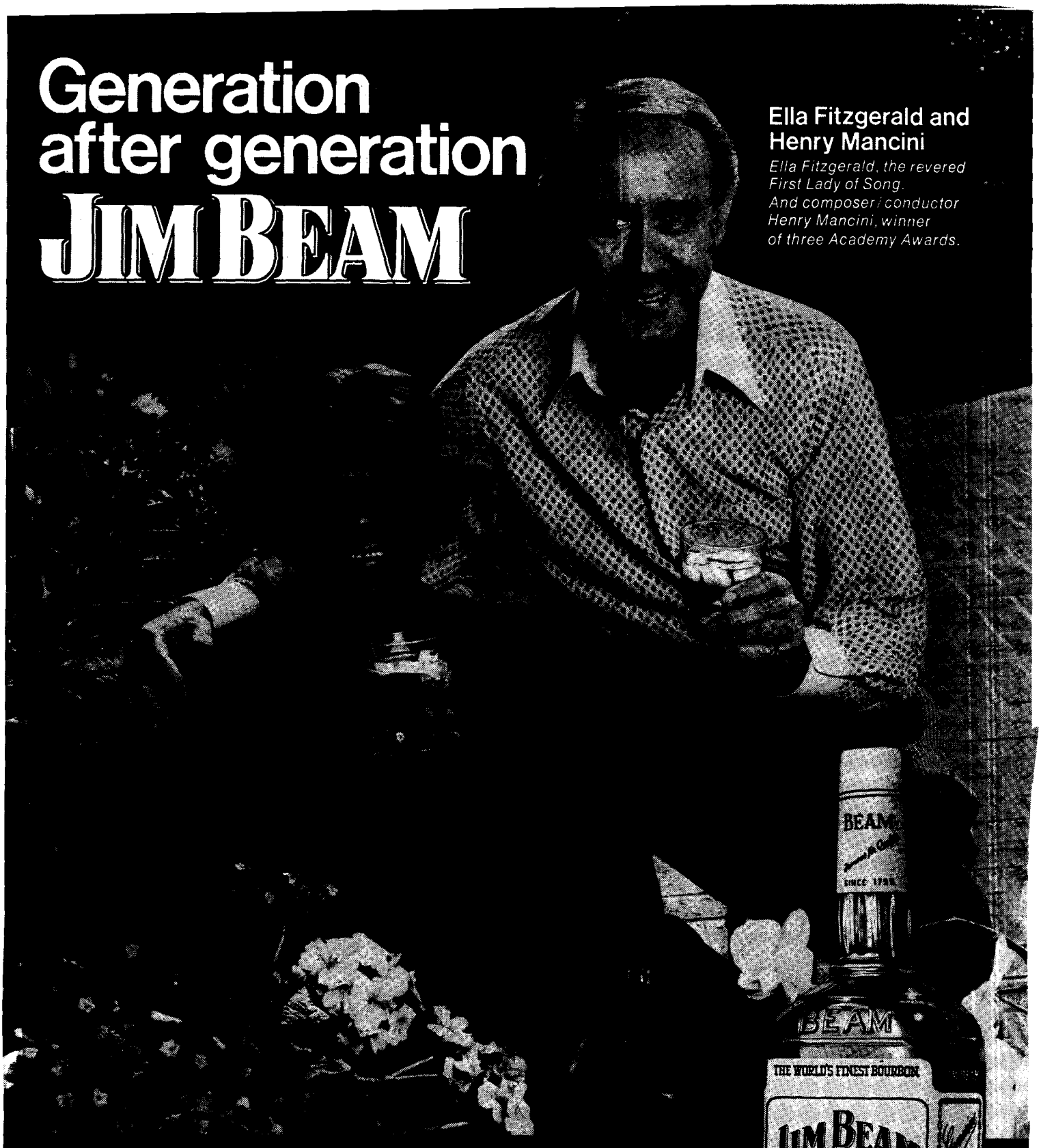
Generation after generation

JIM BEAM



Ella Fitzgerald and Henry Mancini

Ella Fitzgerald, the revered First Lady of Song. And composer/conductor Henry Mancini, winner of three Academy Awards.

The year Ella Fitzgerald recorded her first hit record, the classic "A-Tisket, A-Tasket," an unknown Henry Mancini was playing first flute in his jr. high school band in Aliquippa, Pennsylvania.

They've both achieved unparalleled fame since then, because they're dedicated to their craft.

The Beams, too, are dedicated craftsmen. And for 178 years now, son following father, they've respected their craft and excelled at it.

The result is a proud Kentucky Bourbon that's smooth and light and mellow.

Jim Beam. For six generations: one family, one formula, one purpose.

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matters or even his connivance in them, the most criminal men (hiding under cover of the prince) force a tyranny upon his people, and while they appear to be carrying out the affairs of the prince, they are doing the greatest harm to his good name."

■ Postal unions have been voting on a new contract recently, but the vote has been delayed because, a union man says, thousands of ballots have been lost in the mail. Meanwhile the Post Office is getting ready to raise first-class rates to 10 cents an ounce to pay for the substantial wage increases in the workers' last contract, and also to pay for the sharply increased costs of feeding the horses.

■ Actor Lee Marvin's ex, Michelle, is suing him for half his assets. After all, did they not agree to share all they had, and did she not serve him as "companion, homemaker, housekeeper, and cook?" Yes, except the lady is not Marvin's ex-wife but, uh, ex-cohabitrix: They played house for six years but never formalized it. Her lawyer, Marvin Mitchelson, is adamant: A person who has a marriage license, he says, "should not have different rights than one who has the same relationship but doesn't pay the $3. . . . The state has the right to license people for the protection of society. They have the right to guarantee a skill. But what skill is required for people to live together? They can be two idiots!" Especially in Hollywood.

Watergate and the Election

Like a revolving, multifaceted prism, the Watergate phenomenon reveals first one and then a rapid succession of other aspects. For one thing, the hearings have all the qualities of high drama. *Surprise:* the Butterfield revelation of the existence of the tapes, then the mini-leak of two tapes via Haldeman. *Conflict:* John Ehrlichman handling the Committee more or less the way Achilles handled Hector. *Irony:* President Nixon, in trouble over the original bugging of the Democratic National Committee, sinks deeper into trouble because he bugged himself. This episode is entitled "The Bugger Bugged, or Nixon's Last Tape." *Suspense:* Will Cox resign? Will Krogh implicate Nixon or Ehrlichman? Will the Court force disclosure of the tapes, or alternatively, will Nixon himself go on TV after this phase of the hearings ends and, playing portions of the tapes, devastate the Committee? And, of course, there is the classic feature of peripeteia, or *reversal:* Sam Ervin, who for most of his adult life has employed his knowledge of the Constitution to perpetuate Southern segregation, now emerges as a liberal pop hero and civil libertarian; Herman Talmadge, who seized the Georgia state house in 1948 illegally and at gunpoint, is transformed before our eyes into a constitutional precisionist.

Some facets of our revolving prism remain opaque. The Ervin hearings have not determined who, for example, authorized the targeting of the DNC in the first place. Was it John Mitchell, as Jeb Magruder claims? Or, as Mitchell testifies, did the "push" come from another quarter after Mitchell had *rejected* the idea? The Ervin Committee has not cleared up this blatant conflict in testimony, and it has not cleared up many others. It does not appear to have any strategy, or even capacity, to do so. From the present perspective, indeed, the hearings appeared to have been sinking into cognitive ineffectuality, when they were rescued by the revelation that the tapes exist. The tapes, in turn, may or may not provide clear answers. At least in the account given by Mr. H. R. Haldeman of the key September 15 and March 21 tapes, they do appear to sustain the White House position as against that of the chief accuser, Mr. John W. Dean.

But turn the prism once again. Whatever the obscurities in this or that facet, one vital aspect is not obscure at all. From a political standpoint, the big Watergate losers are those voters who supported Mr. Nixon in 1972 and who, by so doing, thought they were voting on a number of substantive issues: for realpolitik abroad, notably in Southeast Asia; against slashes in national defense, and against the neo-isolationism represented by George McGovern; against welfarism as a way of life, which was also associated with McGovern; against busing, ditto; for a tough line on law enforcement; and against quotas in jobs, education, and the like. In 1972 it was fair to think that the Nixon vote represented a strong national consensus on all these issues, and doubtless others.

Less than a year after that vote, where do we stand? Under the impact of Watergate, all of the positions legitimately associated with the 1972 Nixon are crumbling and being abandoned. At home, the leftward trend has resumed—despite the antiliberal 1972 landslide. In foreign policy, congressional doves have the initiative. A checklist:

1. The Office of Economic Opportunity is a liberal-left bastion. At one point, it was in the process of being dismantled by Acting Director Howard Phillips. His successor, Alvin J. Arnett, is loudly promising Senate liberals that he will undo Phillips' work, and he is reliably reported to have promised to make an aide of Senator Jacob Javits head of the important legal services program at OEO.

2. After the 1972 election, and in response to its obvious mandate, the Administration installed Caspar Weinberger at HEW. Weinberger set in motion a series of attempts to bring this huge and metastasizing agency under some fiscal discipline. Liberal Frank Carlucci, out of sight in the bureaucracy for the last two years, is reported to be slated for Weinberger's post.

3. The Justice Department has moved from Kleindienst (conservative) to Richardson (liberal). In addition, liberal environmentalist William Ruckelshaus is slated for a top post at Justice. Worse still, Watergate has provided a beachhead in a *Republican* Justice Department for Archibald Cox and his team of Kennedyite prosecutors.

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4. Before Watergate hit, the President was attempting to bring the budget under control through vetoes, impoundment, and Republican leverage in Congress. But now, post-Watergate, Congress has passed an expensive farm subsidy program, minimum wage and Social Security hikes, and a curb on his power to impound. Melvin Laird has even gone public with talk about reviving FAP.

5. The August 15 deadline on all bombing in Southeast Asia may turn out to be the largest and most gratuitous concession in the history of U.S. foreign policy. It removes virtually all of Nixon's diplomatic leverage in that area and threatens to make meaningless the fifty thousand U.S. combat losses in the Vietnam conflict. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, whose own foreign-policy line was decisively rejected by the voters in 1972, has also cut in half economic aid to Laos, Cambodia, and South Vietnam. What the Communists could not accomplish on the battlefield, and what the McGovernite Left could not accomplish at the polls in 1972, is in the process of being brought to pass —by Watergate.

6. Though the House has so far held firm on military manpower in Europe, and on appropriations for strategic weapons, the Senate has gone far in the McGovernite direction, striking out funds for new mobile missiles and for research on missile defense, and knocking out $405 million budgeted for the Trident submarine program. Virtually all of these items had been regarded as essential to the U.S. strategic position within the terms of the SALT accords.

7. Even if the House does block Senate moves to withdraw troops from NATO unilaterally, important concessions have already been made to the Soviet Union in Europe. The key word "balanced" has been dropped from the previous formula of "mutual balanced force reduction"—a change regarded by most European analysts as indicative of serious strategic concessions. At Soviet insistence, Hungary (forty thousand Soviet troops there) has been excluded from the troop reduction.

Tough luck, voters. George McGovern was buried politically in 1972, but his spirit marches on in Washington, resuscitated by Watergate.

Election Spending Reform?

By the one-sided vote of 82 to 8, the Senate has approved the Federal Elections Campaign Act of 1973, which will now go to the House. The Senate bill aims at altering drastically the current rather free-wheeling method of financing American political campaigns. The key provisions:

1. Contributions to any candidate for federal office would be limited to $3,000 for a given election. An individual could thus contribute a maximum of $6,000 to a presidential primary and general-election effort.

2. It would be a crime to receive a contribution in excess of $50 in cash, and all gifts over $100 would have to be publicly disclosed: name, address, and occupation of donor.

3. No individual could contribute a total of more than $25,000 to all candidates, parties, and causes in one election year.

4. Ceilings would be put on campaign spending: briefly, about $34.7 million for nomination and general election for the Presidency; 25 cents per registered voter for House and Senate races.

Well, on all this a few comments:

Unless the House is overstimulated by Watergate, which is really irrelevant to the issues at hand here, it is unlikely to buy this package in anything like its present form.

Limitations on spending by individuals very probably violate the First Amendment. This provision does not merely protect the individual's theoretical right to freedom of speech; it also protects his concrete means of exercising that right. If rich man X wants to buy advertising space in order to praise the wisdom of Senator J. William Fulbright, it does not seem likely that Congress has the constitutional power to prevent him from doing so. Nor would it seem that Congress has the constitutional power to prevent, say, Nelson Rockefeller from buying space to praise himself.

Even if the Senate bill were constitutional, it would be unenforceable. Millionaire A could indeed spend his $25,000 in a single year. So could his wife, children, cousins, and golfing partners. Millionaire B could hire as "consultants" a dozen members of a candidate's staff, pay them very well, and even consult them once in a while. Millionaire C could buy a Boeing 707 for his own use, and lend it to a favorite candidate. The variations are infinite.

The Senate bill assumes—wrongly, in all probability —that money is the source of corruption in campaigning. The fact is that many Americans, rich and not so rich, contribute to a candidate merely because they like

Amuck

The word is Indonesian; it means
You've screwed up royally, and now you're stuck.
One thinks of all the Mary Magdalenes
Who did it for a drachma or a buck.
And then there's Disney's dizzy Donald Duck
Who always quacked his way into a mess.
One runs amuck when one runs out of luck,
And nothing's left but tapping SOS.
As Mr. Nixon signals his distress
By hauling up the bridge across the moat,
I wonder if he plans a new address
To keep his credibility afloat?
It ain't enough to mount a new attack
If all you've got to tell the folks is "quack."

W. H. von Dreele

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what he stands for and want him to win. (See "On the Right.")

The argument can be made that political contributions are one way in which actual interests within the society participate in and affect the course of events and the formulation of policy. Politics is as much a process of negotiating among real but conflicting interests as it is a "debate" over "issues." In a crude sort of way, the political contribution is one way in which such interests—labor, corporate enterprise, etc.—maintain some sort of control over the environment in which they have to operate.

One way of reducing political corruption and influence peddling would be to extricate the government from its economic beachheads. If the government were not in the business of regulating price supports in the dairy industry, that industry would not be so interested in affecting government decision-making. If the government were not building houses, the campaign contributions of contractors might conceivably trail off.

When a problem appears, or seems to appear, the liberal impulse is to write a law. More often than not, that impulse ought to be resisted.

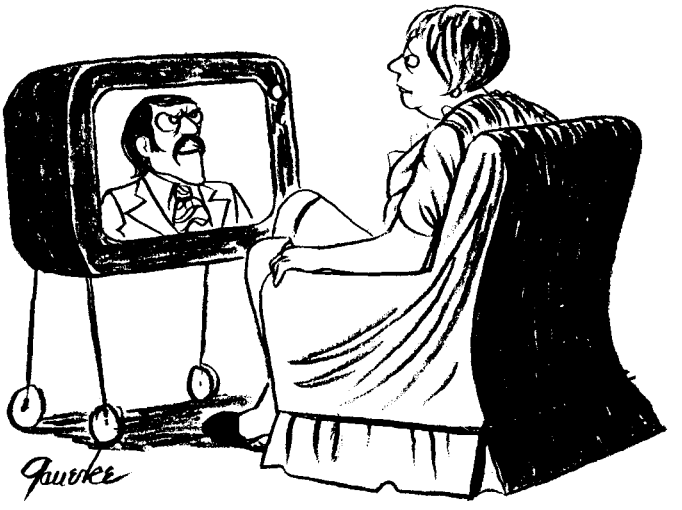
Cambodia: Bombs Then and Now

This seems to be the season for secrets, and there is hot rivalry among Senate committees over who is to bring home the biggest bag. Given the amount of terrain assigned to the Ervin Committee, it is an easy winner, but the Armed Services Committee is trying hard for second prize. It had General Earle G. Wheeler, former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, on the carpet the other day, and extracted from him the officially secret facts about 3,630 bombing sorties against Cambodian targets in 1969 and 1970, heretofore reported to the public and in at least one set of military documents as having been sent against targets in South Vietnam. (Some Vietcong sources claimed a few days later that raids against Cambodia had begun as early as 1963.)

Actually, the news was a secret something less than deep and dark. The *Times* and several other papers had carried stories about the bombings a couple of years ago, and aroused at the time only the minor attention it deserved. Our troops and our allies were in bloody battle against the Vietcong-North Vietnamese in South Vietnam. The enemy had overrun border areas of Cambodia and had there established sanctuaries and base camps in support of his forces in South Vietnam. It was a military necessity to suppress this threat to the lives and mission of our troops. If the Cambodian government would not or could not do the suppressing, the customs and laws and requirements of warfare made it our duty, whether or not the Cambodian government agreed to our intervention. In fact, we had not merely the consent but, according to the State Department, the invitation of the then head of the Cambodian government, Prince Sihanouk.

But should this bombing have been kept secret, even (through the falsified records) from much of the military apparatus itself? The case here is less clear-cut than that which justifies carrying out the bombing operation. It is possible that one motive for the secrecy may have been, as some Senate Committee members charge, to "hide the facts from the American people," and another may have been the bureaucratic penchant for secrecy. But in a war where the nation supplying the bulk of the enemy troops never admitted that a single one of its men was on the disputed territory, with a global background in which, as Korea and China and West Berlin and the Middle East have abundantly shown, semantic distinctions and pseudo-distinctions about sovereignty and neutrality and peace and war can make a crucial difference, the secrecy can be plausibly defended over a short period of time.

That was *then*. But as for the Cambodian bombing *now*, it is much harder to give a convincing defense. We have commented previously that, after the August 15 termination had been ordered by Congress and accepted by the President, our bombing would not directly serve any strategic military purpose, but must be understood as having a political objective: namely, to hold off capture of Pnompenh and collapse of the Lon Nol government while making a last-ditch effort to get a ceasefire in Cambodia and some sort of compromise political deal. But Sihanouk's announcement that he would not even meet with an American representative, and the subsequent postponement of Henry Kissinger's trip to Peking, prove that this attempt failed, as was admitted in Washington by the "key official" who reported the postponement: "The Communists are waiting to see what happens when the bombs stop falling. They have to decide wheth-



"You have just heard the President's address. We want to remind our viewers that opinions expressed therein do not necessarily reflect the views of this network."

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er to go for a favorable political solution then, or to go for broke militarily." Further bombing, then, and the lives and destruction it costs, no longer serves any purpose at all, either military or political. It should therefore stop: not on August 15, even though that date is not far off, but right now, immediately.

Urban Ills: Practical Advice

Before the New York mayoral race shifts into high gear, Messrs. Abe Beame, Mario Biaggi, Al Blumenthal, and John Marchi would do well to reread urban expert Roger Starr's "Open Letter to the Next Mayor," published in the *New York Times Magazine* earlier this summer.

New York City, says Mr. Starr, could probably not survive four more years of Lindsay-style "clean," anti-boss New Politics. His own solution to the city's problems is unpalatable but simple: "Your major strategy as mayor must be to strengthen the city's own economic resources"—unpalatable because every dollar spent to improve the port or encourage industry is a dollar taken away from social services; because neighborhoods will be destroyed by new factories and roads; because more business means more of those gigantic buildings like the ones springing up on Sixth Avenue. But without the money brought in by business, middle- and upper-income residents, and tourists, the city cannot be saved for anyone. "In short, you've got to cope somehow with this feeling that nothing in the city is important enough to justify personal sacrifices."

The secret, says Mr. Starr, is to avoid ideological posturing, not try to solve all the problems at once, and never ever give in to a non-negotiable demand—in other words, adopt a strategy of Clever Ceremony, Ingenious Intermediation, and Adept Administration.

Clever Ceremony includes such festivities—moribund under Lindsay—as ticker-tape parades on Wall Street and meeting foreign dignitaries on the steps of City Hall; plus encouraging such tourist attractions as festivals and Broadway theater. Besides attracting visitors, this may restore some of New Yorkers' fading pride in their city, and dispose them favorably toward necessary sacrifices.

Ingenious Intermediation means never give a borough president anything, no matter how much it may benefit the city as a whole, without letting him know that it is a great favor in return for which he must support a similar favor for another borough. For the mayor to greet any demand (such as the Bronx's demand for the restoration of Yankee Stadium) too enthusiastically before he has exacted a promise of future help, is to dissipate the leverage his intermediary, the borough president, should give him on the local constituency.

Similarly with Adept Administration. On the political side, the mayor must throw out New Politics and recognize that what people want is political decentralization, not governmental decentralization: "When snow falls, people don't care whether the removal business is handled in the Municipal Building or in a local office in Rego Park. The issue is not whether government is closer to them, but whether it works. If it doesn't work, if the streets are not cleaned, people want someone to complain to—someone with power. This person is what they want closer. Their desire is not assuaged by your appointment of two or three young staff members who go about the city, pad in hand, registering complaints, which can then be conveniently forgotten." And if, to make a county leader do what he wants, the mayor has to appoint "not the best man but rather a relative incompetent, or someone's incompetent relative," then he should. People mind nonfunctioning government more than they mind a little backscratching.

On the governmental side, "you give up any thought of improving New York City administration as a whole and adeptly select two or three governmental issues which are at once serious, capable of real improvement, and highly visible"—such as cleaning the streets. "No one is in favor of dirty streets, as some are in fact in favor of gambling, or narcotics, or prostitution."

"There is always the danger," Mr. Starr concludes, "in welcoming the power brokers back to City Hall that you may be criticized for excessive politicization of city government. The new Boss Tweed, they may call you. If they do, remind them of how well you cleaned the streets.

Wall Street Blues

The New York Stock Exchange recently asked the SEC to raise minimum brokers fees quickly to ease the heavy losses being posted by many of its brokerage firms. It is ironic that Wall Street has become the symbol of competitive capitalism, since, as this request once again illustrates, the New York Stock Exchange is the epitome of a state monopoly. There is probably no other industry in America that has so effective a system of legally enforced minimum prices and restricted entry.

In the 1960s, the tremendous block trading of institutional investors generated huge brokerage commissions. Fees were fixed per hundred shares (they still are, except in transactions over $300,000), and institutions sometimes traded hundreds of thousands of shares in a single day. Unable to compete in price for this lucrative business, brokerage houses followed the airlines' example of competing in "services"—frequent flights in oversized, empty planes in the case of airlines; elaborate research, publication, and personal attention in the case of brokers, along with a polite version of fee-splitting. With no competitive pressure to compel efficiency, most brokerage houses continued to cling to archaic procedures involving hand-delivery and recording of certificates.

Institutions weren't especially interested in investment advice and martini lunches, so they turned to the eco-

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nomical execution services of new "third market" companies that do not belong to the Wall Street cartel. To compound the problem, many of the institutional investors, particularly the mutual funds, aren't doing nearly as much business as before.

So the New York Stock Exchange is left with too many brokers and researchers—just as the regulated railroad cartel was left with too many duplicative lines after the trucks (read: "third markets") "skimmed" their monopoly profits. And like the railroads, the initial reaction is to bail out the failing brokers by raising fees. When railroad rates were sharply raised by the ICC in the 1920s, however, it drove even more customers away to the truckers and accentuated the excess capacity. The excess capacity of the interstate airplane cartel has likewise wiped out the hoped-for monopoly profits. The lesson in both cases is that the solution to problems that arise from suppressing price competition is to stop suppressing price competition.

Edward V. Rickenbacker, RIP

Once, for the sake of the historical record, he counted up the number of times he had escaped death. One hundred and thirty-four was the tally. His adventures and escapades, military and civilian, were sprinkled throughout an active working career that began in 1902 when he was twelve and continued through September of last year when he and Adelaide celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. In October of last year, three days after his 82nd birthday, he went into convulsions, was hospitalized, remained almost unconscious for many weeks, underwent surgery, and fought off an attack of pneumonia and kidney failure, to return home again, cheerful and serene, in that special cherubism of the ancient ones. Chalk up number 135. The attending physician told me, with undisguised awe, "Your father is an amazing man. Through all of this stress his heart has never faltered, never missed a beat. His vascular system belongs to a man of fifty. Most men his age undergo a loss of musculature—you have seen old people become thin and scrawny. But his muscles are full, strong, and completely unaffected—he has the muscles of a man of forty . . ."

With his stupendous physical vigor he had a robustness of mind and spirit that earned him, to be sure, a few enemies, but also thousands of friends, and it is no exaggeration to say millions of admirers—from the old racing days of 1906 to his last public appearance, in a patriotic parade in Miami, on July 4 of this very year. Men have told me, "I may disagree with a lot your Dad says but I love him, because he wears his heart on his sleeve, and you always know where you stand with him. He's a man's man." Among his robust certainties were his faith in God, his unswerving patriotism, his acceptance of life's hazards and pains, and his trust in persistent hard work. No scorn could match the scorn he had for men who settled for half-measures, uttered half-truths, straddled the issues, or admitted the idea of failure or defeat. If he had a motto, it must have been the phrase I've heard a thousand times: "I'll fight like a wildcat!"

Strong ideas are the fertile ground where strong loves grow, and his family and friends will bear witness always to his wisely conceived generosity, his unfathomed depths of forgiveness and hope, his manly and inspiring encouragement, his flawless grace when trouble came. Who would have guessed there was so much of Christ's love in a wildcat?

A week after the Miami parade he took off for Switzerland in the company of his wife and his right-hand administrative aide, Marguerite Shepherd, who had been with him since 1923. Ten days later the ominous report came back: Number 136 was at hand, a bit of pneumonia, successfully controlled, but the warrior-heart that had never missed a beat had begun to waver. It struggled for a few more days, and then it stopped, at four in the morning, local time, July 23, 1973, in Zurich, not far from the little farms where his parents were born so long ago. It is possible that he somehow knew he was finally home and it was time to sleep. May God grant the sweetest rest to his brave bright soul.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

Notes & Asides

■ MEMO TO: Staff, friends
FROM: WFB

We will lose, on August 24, Chris Simonds and Pat Simonds, a sad day for *NR*. Chris has been with us seven years, written some fine copy, mastered production techniques, met, wooed, and won Pat Carr who began at *NR* ten years ago working during her college vacations, then became research assistant, then Copy Editor. Mr. and Mrs. S. will join the staff of Indian Mountain School where they will conduct courses in everything from aardvarks to zymurgy. We wish them all the best, and will miss them greatly.

On the silver-lining front: The gifted and endearing Mrs. Elsie Meyer, widow of Frank, will join the staff as Copy Editor and Special Projects Editor, spending four days in New York, and three back at the shrine in Woodstock, New York.

Mr. Daniel Oliver, who was briefly with *NR* two years ago, has made the critical decision, to leave the practice of law, at which he was prospering, and devote himself full-time to NATIONAL REVIEW. DO will take his vow of poverty the week after Labor Day, and enter the order. He will serve as Executive Editor, under PLB, will write

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editorials, articles; read and edit manuscripts; answer complicated letters; and conduct summary courts-martial. Dan is a graduate of Milton Academy, Harvard, and the Fordham Law School. He is 33, husband of Louise (Vietor), the father of three children, and is most heartily welcome.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

We have watched your program and read some of your editorials, which is the reason for this letter. The Republican Party has always demanded respect, but in the last five years, has been distorted by the dealings in electing your brother in New York at the expense of a very fine man, the "Watergate," etc. Need I go on?

Fortunately the party has many fine men left such as H. C. Lodge, Sen. Weicker, Sen. Percy, Sen. Dole, Sen. Cooper, Sen. Hatfield, Sen. Case, and I could go on and on.

I believe the party should expel you, Mr. Nixon and Agnew and clean house. This country would be better off.

Please try not to be so obnoxious. You could be a most amusing human being. Very truly yours,

Mary E. Sorensen
519 Veterans of Foreign Wars Parkway
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Dear Mrs. Sorensen: If you think I'm bad now, you should see me when I try not to be obnoxious, so count your blessings . . . It wasn't the Republican Party that elected my brother, it was the voters. Maybe we should expel them? Cordially, —WFB

■ Dear Bill:

"Hopefully, science will in the future shed greater light on the problem," writes your brother the Senator [*NR*, July 6, p. 753] in the course of shedding more light on human life than on English syntax, a priority I should be the last to dispute were it not for my realistic fear that his syntactic example is apt to be of more immediate efficacy than his moral argument. The low coercive power of argument however lucid is illustrated by his own persistence in misusing "hopefully" despite my remonstrances of several months ago. Subsequent to the conception of his meaning, some force superior to reason evidently persists in implanting a random "hopefully" in the wall of his brain-pan, a problem on which I hope science will in the future shed greater light.

I'm sending you a copy of a little Berkeley mag called *Occident* for the sake of the interview on pages 18-48. On page 4, by the way, you'll find Anthony Burgess' reply to a question about Pound's famous terminal silence:

" 'Total philosophical embitterment,' Burgess replied. '*Total*. And why shouldn't he have been bitter, considering the treatment he received after all he had accomplished? *He created bloody modern literature*. None of us could have written without him.' "

Which is accurate; and when John Leonard (p. 735, *NR*) cites "Kindliness toward Ezra Pound" as a current virtue of the *TBR* I fear that he displays the liberal habit of mistaking acknowledgment of fact for moral virtue. To remark that the compass points toward it is not to exhibit kindliness toward the north star.

I enclose a letter to the editor. As ever, Hugh

Dear Sirs:

In his excellent interview with John Leonard [July 6] Neal Freeman refers to his subject's "several novels, each of them stunningly written but, if memory serves, unenthusiastically reviewed by the *TBR*." I don't know about the others, but I've just reread my *TBR* review of *Crybaby of the Western World* and it seems enthusiastic to me. I remember I meant it to be.

It's fun, by the way, to watch Messrs. Freeman and Leonard keeping alive that little in-joke the mythical "Francis Brown," alleged to have been Leonard's predecessor at *TBR*. That was the name that used to be signed to the telegrams by which reviews were solicited, but I never saw it signed on a letter nor met anyone who had succeeded in meeting its bearer, and was long ago persuaded by the consensus of old-hand *TBR* reviewers that he was as fictitious as the "Peter Mathews" who used to turn up on *Time*'s masthead. After all, *NR* was no less enterprising then than now, and if there had been a Francis Brown *NR* would have interviewed him, wouldn't it? Sincerely,

Hugh Kenner,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

■ MEMO TO: The Editors
FROM: Bill Rusher
BUCKLEY CONTEMPLATING A BUST OF RUSHER

He's got me! In Shakespeare I never could shine
Or boast of my Varsity letter.
What wormwood, to catch my erroneous line!
(What gall, to say Shakespeare's was better!)

I'll frame a riposte with a confident ring
That will seem, to my public, to flatten—
Concealing somehow that it does no such thing . . .
I've got it! *I'll put it in Latin!*

WAR: Where would *you* put it? **—WFB**

Separation of Powers

How many angels can dance on a pin?
How many rubbings to summon a jinn?
Once on a mattress, conundrums like these
Made intellectuals worry and wheeze.
When a veracity question arose,
Custom required a walk over coals.
Guilt was assumed if one burned to the knee;
Wasn't that nicer than all this TV?

W. H. VON DREELE

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The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

Our Kind of War

IN *NR*'s last issue I summarized the story of an alleged "Portuguese massacre" at the village of Wiriyamu in Mozambique, published in the *Times* (London) under the byline of Father Adrian Hastings. According to this story, all or nearly all four hundred inhabitants of Wiriyamu had been killed in frightful ways, and the village burned to the ground. Recognizing that this account was conceivably true, I explained why I could not accept it at face value: because of the multiple layers separating it from direct testimony, its internal inconsistencies and implausibilities, and the propagandist timing of its release. (I find that the figure of 40 per cent that I gave for the native black component of the Portuguese army in Mozambique is outdated. It is now about 70 per cent native.)

Since its publication, the Wiriyamu story has been engulfed in denials and affirmations. Several journalists, including the *Times*' Michael Knipes, have been investigating it inside Mozambique. According to Father Hastings' unnamed informants, Wiriyamu was located near Mukumbura, "about 25 kilometers" south of the town of Tete in northeastern Mozambique, so the investigating has centered in this region. It is a most sensitive area, near the borders of Zambia and Rhodesia, and not far from the construction site of the great Cabora Bassa dam project. Frelimo guerrilla-terrorist units have been active here, and there has been some bitter fighting.

Lifeline of the West

Knipes found first-hand evidence of terror quickly enough, but it was Frelimo terror: native civilian victims of Frelimo-planted land mines, including an elderly man blown pretty much to pieces and a boy with a leg blown off. But Wiriyamu was elusive. No maps indicated any village of that name, nor did Knipes or the other investigators come across it in traveling about the vicinity. The closest approximation was a deserted and burned village named "Wiliamo." But there had been less than a dozen huts in Wiliamo, with an indicated maximum population of one hundred instead of Father Hastings' four hundred. The Portuguese authorities stated that the Wiliamo villagers had been evacuated to an *aldeamento* (fortified village) and the huts then burned, in line with a familiar program in these liberation wars. The journalists were free to make their own search of the ruins. They found no corpses or other evidence of slaughter, and no bullet marks.

Whatever the full truth about Wiriyamu—and we probably will never know it—there is no doubt that a struggle is going on in some parts of Mozambique, including the Tete district, with persons being maimed or killed by terrorist, paramilitary, and military actions. The scale and fortunes of this struggle are in dispute, but not its existence. For one or another intellectual, economic, or moral reason, this struggle is of interest to some Americans as individuals. Has it any relevance to the national interest?

The training and logistic bases of Frelimo (*Frente de Libertaçao de Moçambique*) are located mostly in Tanzania, with a few in Zambia. Frelimo is recognized and subsidized by the Organization of African Unity as the "official" Mozambique liberation group. It gets money from several European sources, including the Swedish government. Some U.S. foundations and church groups contributed money while its founder, Eduardo Mondlane, a former professor at Syracuse (N.Y.) University, was still living. I do not know whether any contributions from the U.S. have been made since Mondlane was assassinated, probably by agents of Frelimo's extreme left faction. In any event, Frelimo has moved leftward in ideology since Mondlane's death.

Frelimo's crucial support comes, however, from the Soviet Union and China. The Soviet Union supplies most of Frelimo's weapons. Many Frelimo members have been trained in the Soviet Union or in China for guerrilla, terror, and propaganda activities. Soviet, Czech, and Chinese instructors have supervised training in the base camps. In the last couple of years the Chinese Communists have become primary in the training program, and Frelimo ideology has shifted toward Maoism. There are thirty thousand Chinese presently in Tanzania. They are there, officially, to help build the Tan-Zam railroad that will liberate Zambia's copper from dependence on Rhodesian and Angolan trackage. Among them are many political and military operatives, a contingent of whom is assigned to Frelimo.

What the Map Shows

Now look on your map or globe at the east coast of Africa and the adjoining western third of the Indian Ocean. Place your pointer on the Persian Gulf, move it down into the Arabian Sea, southwest to and through the Mozambique Channel and around the Cape of Good Hope. You are tracing the West's lifeline. What happens to the nations of the West if the tankers cannot sail this course from the oil of the Gulf States to the hungry machines of Europe and North America? What will it mean if, merely, the tankers can sail only under a continuous threat, subject to the interest, policy, or whim of a strategically controlling non-Western power?

Mozambique stretches along no less than 1,700 miles of the coast off which those tankers must sail. Along all that eastern shore, from the mouth of the Red Sea—over which Soviet power now reaches from Aden, abandoned by the West—there is only Pemba Bay in Mozambique that has anchorage for the giant tankers on which the oil flow more and more completely depends.

Our post-Vietnam depression, our moral weariness, and our self-indulgence, played to by our demagogues, set us to dreaming of "lasting peace." The Frelimos of our epoch, and their backers, have a rather different view from ours of "lasting peace." To them it means the sterilization of our power while they press their favored modes of protracted conflict on every continent and ocean. □

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LETTER FROM BUENOS AIRES

The Second Coming of Perón

ROBERT PETER

EVERYBODY knew that Dr. Hector J. Cámpora (inaugurated as President of Argentina on May 25) was not the savior the country needed. His entire political career had been marked by slavish obedience and subservience to Perón, so much so that it became a matter of jokes (Perón: "What time is it, Cámpora?" Cámpora: "Whatever you command, General!"). Dr. Cámpora was Chairman of the Argentine House of Representatives from 1948 to 1952. Any bill sent to the House by the chief was accepted with a minimum of debate or none at all; motions to question a cabinet minister or to examine some action of the government were quashed at once. Cámpora considered all opposition to Perón a crime. If a member of parliament went further than Cámpora thought permissible, he would demand that that deputy's immunity be lifted, and the culprit handed over to the docile law courts. Quite a few people landed in jail, owing to Cámpora's efforts. They remembered this well when Perón fell from power in 1955. And Dr. Cámpora spent eighteen months in an unpleasant south Argentina prison before escaping to Chile. When he returned home, much later, nobody took notice.

In November 1971, Perón, still in exile in Madrid, called in Cámpora and appointed him his personal delegate, after a number of others had shown an unholy inclination toward independent thinking. Nothing of this sort was to be feared of Cámpora. "If I have any merit," he once said, "it is that I always interpreted correctly every gesture of Perón." When the government of General Lanusse refused to allow Perón to run himself for the presidency, Perón chose Cámpora as his party's candidate in the March elections. The official slogan, "*Cámpora al gobierno, Perón al poder*" (the government for Cámpora, the power for Perón) told the story.

When he took over, Cámpora hardly ever heard his own name mentioned; in Congress, on the Plaza de Mayo, in the Pink House, everywhere it was "Perón, Perón, Perón!" The masses never tired of shouting, and Cámpora beamed. He thought this was just as it ought to be.

It didn't work. Perón, though supposed to back Cámpora, did little in fact to help him. It became clear quite soon that the new President was not the man to deal effectively with the terrorists, and with the dangerous conflicts within the Perónist movement. In addition, Perón was not happy in the role of an *éminence grise*. After Cámpora's resignation, Perón praised this "extraordinary man" as a model for generations to come. He also revealed that all that had happened had been planned by Cámpora right from the start so as to clear the way for Perón's Presidency. If this explanation is true, how does one explain Perón's snub of Cámpora in Madrid, and the tears which the faithful servant could not hold back when, just 49 days after he was sworn in, he handed over the insignia of his office to an interim president. These and other indices show that this was not exactly Cámpora's scenario. Even the Perónists present at the melancholy resignation ceremony did not intone "*Los muchachos de Perón*," a sort of party anthem; for the first time the applause was for Cámpora himself, and the sympathizer who cried "Chin up, uncle!" expressed everybody's feelings.

STILL and all, the political imperative may have called for Cámpora's resignation. Argentina cannot stand more semi-solutions. President Cámpora, with Perón in the background, might have lead to indecisive reforms. With President Perón, it will have to be yes or no —this is his chance, and his risk (and there are many who think that it is more of a risk than a chance, as enthusiasm for him seems to have cooled). Not only do the usual problems—inflation, deficit, debts, unemployment, etc.—face the 77-year-old leader, there is also the potentially explosive situation within the Perónist organization.

After Perón's fall in 1955, many leftist radicals—from intellectuals to terrorists—joined the movement which had up to then seemed nearer to fascism (the boss was an admirer of Mussolini's). While in exile, Perón accepted any and all reinforcements. But this made an uneasy marriage—each partner intending to regain power with the other's help, and then the quick divorce. The leftists planned to establish a socialist state, a dictatorship of the proletariat, everything in the book; the old-time Perónists, to organize something new, on a nationalist-socialist-Christian basis, something equally distant from capitalism and Communism.

THOUGH Perón has not yet expressly said that he will be a candidate in the September 22 elections, there is little doubt about his willingness to run. If nothing unforeseen occurs and the elections take place, nobody else has a chance. But what will Perón have won? Given a 77-year-old president, with failing health, the question of who will be vice president is of greatest importance. Perón himself would—at least he says so—like to have his foe of old, Dr. Ricardo Balbín, leader of the *Union Civica Radical* (the name is misleading, they are far from "radical" in today's terms) run for the vice presidency. Balbín evidently is willing, but has to wait on his party's decision, and there is strong opposition from the left wing led by Dr. Raúl Alfonsín. The voters would probably welcome such a coalition, which would seem to guarantee peace and normalcy.

Many questions worry those who want a return to quiet and order for Argentina. Are the masses being polarized into left and right, and will this deepen the danger of civil war? What can Perón do to eliminate terrorism, and establish political peace? What will happen, if he fails? Or if he, for whose health all former anti-Perónists now pray, dies? Would not that mean a return to the old choice: chaos or the military? And one additional question: Will Argentina never have another alternative? □

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ON THE TRAIL

One by one, they go to their graves: the people who know what happened at South Braintree in 1921. Even Nicola Sacco's son, Dante, has died without making the statement that might have cleared his father

Son of Sacco

FRANCIS RUSSELL

TWO YEARS AFTER his father's death in 1927 his mother married again. He was then 16 years old. He and his younger sister moved with their mother into the stepfather's four-room bungalow on one of the almost anonymous streets of Watertown, an obscure industrial suburb of Boston. During the Depression years he worked as a deliveryman, first for a local grocer then later for Filene's, the large Boston department store. In 1939 he eloped with a girl five years younger than himself, a waitress whom he had met at the Dairy Queen ice-cream bar in an adjoining suburb. He was Italian by descent, she Swedish. To avoid any publicity they were married in the village of Friendship, Maine, 175 miles north of Boston.

The war that banished the Depression was his opportunity. He found an outlet for his natural mechanical bent as an airplane mechanic. His reserved occupation kept him out of the Armed Forces. Before the war ended he had become parts manager for the local airport in Norwood, Massachusetts. He moved to Norwood in 1947. He bought a brown six-room Dutch Colonial house with a sun porch on a maple-shaded side street where the yards run into one another, flags are displayed on public holidays, and a basketball hoop is hung above most garage doors.

His life could have been that of any average American in the by-now somewhat archaic pattern of the small town as illustrated by Norman Rockwell. For 27 years he worked as parts manager. He had three sons. The oldest was married, the next one had just been admitted to membership in the First Congregational Church, and the youngest was still in college. He belonged to the Norwood Chamber of Commerce

and the Businessmen's Bowling League. Sundays he ushered at the neo-Colonial brick Congregational Church with its soaring white spire that recalled the arch-pattern of the New England meeting house. After a short illness he died of a pulmonary embolus, a blood clot in the lungs, on August 24, 1971. He was 59 years three months and 14 days old; a good husband, a good father, a good citizen, a loyal employee, a faithful churchman. The Pastor said so in his eulogy. Every seat in the church was taken at his funeral.

A Man Apart

Yet there was one extraordinary fact about this decently ordinary man. For he was Dante Sacco, the only son of that Nicola Sacco executed in Charlestown State Prison on August 23, 1927, whose name—linked inextricably with that of Bartolomeo Vanzetti—sent out waves of violent protest that have reverberated to our day. Bearing his father's name, Dante must have been looked at with curious, hostile eyes when he first came to Norwood. In time he became accepted in that small open community whose Main Street is no more than a pause on the old post road from Boston to Providence. Yet everyone in that intimate town was aware of the shadow, and he himself knew that they knew. Periods of quiescence, when the six volumes of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial record gathered dust on library shelves, were invariably succeeded by intervals of revived discussion and agitation. On each August 23 Sacco-Vanzetti stalwarts held a memorial meeting in Boston. Various committees grew out of the original Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, culminating in the Committee for the Vindication of Sacco and Vanzetti that succeeded in 1959 in having a bill introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature to grant a posthumous pardon to the two anarchists. The bill failed to pass, but the old bitterness boiled to the surface.

Yet Dante remained apart. Sacco-Vanzetti dogmatists and fanatics would have made him a peripatetic martyr, dragging him from platform to platform, from forum to meeting hall to radical assembly to hear him shriek his father's name and denounce his father's murderers. In that name he could have commanded worldwide audiences. He would have none of it nor of those who

Mr. Russell's Tragedy at Dedham *was reissued last year on the fiftieth anniversary of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial.*

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would have used him. Only twice that I know of did he lose his calm: when Aldino Felicani, the elderly Boston anarchist who had helped organize the first defense committee, and Tom O'Connor, the secretary of the Society for the Vindication of Sacco and Vanzetti, persuaded an Italian-American legislator to introduce the posthumous pardon bill; and when the poet Kenneth Rexroth intruded on him, presuming on a mutual bond of anarchism.

By the time of their deaths Sacco and Vanzetti had become intellectually chic. To many they seemed the working-class martyrs of the century, Christ figures who by their sacrificial death would usher in the new world in which each would contribute according to his abilities and draw according to his needs. The two anarchists thought and said so themselves, going to their deaths with the grim consolation of their own apotheosis. Dante was to be their continuity, their life-to-come, their vindicator, to whom they would pass on the bright torch of anarchy. Two days before he died Sacco wrote his son a letter that was at the same time a public testament.

> . . . Remember always, Dante [he wrote the 15-year-old boy], in the play of happiness, don't you use all for yourself only, but down yourself just one step, at your side and help the weak ones that cry for help, help for the prosecuted and the victim, because they are your better friends; they are all the comrades that fight and fall as your father and Bartolo fought and fell yesterday for the conquest of the joy of freedom for all and the poor workers. . . .
>
> Dante, I say once more to love and be nearest to your mother and the beloved ones in these sad days, and I am sure that with your brave heart and kind goodness they will feel less discomfort. And you will also not forget to love me a little for I do—O, Sonny! thinking so much and so often of you.

At about the same time Vanzetti also wrote to Dante, tenderly, but with similar public intent:

> I write little of this because you are still too little-boy to understand these things and other things of which I would like to reason with you.
>
> But if you do well, you will grow and understand your father's and my case and your father's and my principles for which we will soon be put to death.
>
> I tell you that for and all I know of your father, he is not a criminal, but one of the bravest men I ever knew.
>
> One day you will understand what I am about to tell you: that your father has sacrificed everything dear and sacred to the human heart and soul for his fate in liberty and justice for all. That day you will be proud of your father; and if you come brave enough, you will take his place in the struggle between tyranny and liberty and you will vindicate his (our) names and our blood. . . .
>
> Remember, Dante, Remember always these things; we are not criminals; they convicted us on a frame-up; they denied us a new trial; and if we will be executed after seven years, four months and 17 days of unspeakable tortures and wrongs, it is for what I have already told you; because we were for the poor and against the exploitation and oppression of the man by the man.
>
> The documents of our case, which you and other ones will collect and preserve, will prove that your father, your mother, yourself, Inez, I and my family are sacrificed by and to a State Reason of the American Plutocratic reaction.
>
> The day will come when you will understand the atrocious sense of the above-written words, in all its fullness. Then you will honor us.

Dante, to the bewilderment and dismay of Sacco-Vanzetti partisans, remained apparently unmoved by these passionate appeals of his doomed blood. There is a 1927 news picture showing him leaving the Death House in Charlestown. He is wearing a Norfolk jacket and cap. Aware of the intruding photographer, he has lowered his head and covered his face. It was a gesture he would keep figuratively for the rest of his life. Some months after Sacco and Vanzetti had been executed, Upton Sinclair came to Boston to gather material for his two-volume novel on the case.

> I had visited Sacco's family [he revealed 25 years later] and I felt certain that there was some dark secret there. Nobody would be frank with me, and everybody was suspicious even though I had been introduced and vouched for by Mrs. Evans, a great lady of Boston who had led and financed the fight for freedom of these two Italians.

Sinclair never speculated as to what the dark secret was, never lost his faith in the two men's innocence. But it was a faith that had to endure hearing the admission by the chief defense counsel, Fred Moore, that he considered "Sacco probably and Vanzetti possibly guilty." The dark secret that Sinclair could not face and that haunted Dante Sacco all his life, was simply that Sacco was a guilty man. He was not a criminal, nor according to his own lights was he even culpable. Rather, he was an activist, a militant who felt justified in committing even acts of robbery and murder for his cause.

The Indictment

Originally believing Sacco to be innocent, I have come to consider him guilty for the following reasons, none individually conclusive—except possibly the ballistics tests—but all of them cumulatively so.

1. Sacco was absent from work on the day of the crime. His alibi that he was in Boston on that day was shattered years later when a former anarchist, Anthony Ramuglia, admitted that he had been asked to swear falsely that he had seen Sacco in Boston, and would have done so if he had not remembered in time that he himself had then been in jail in St. Louis.

2. Moore, the former general counsel for the IWW, who raised the Sacco-Vanzetti case from an obscure police-court affair to an international issue, was at first convinced of his clients' innocence. After the trial he devoted his energies to getting on the trail of the real criminals. "But when he got near the end of the trail," the defense committee publicist Eugene Lyons later wrote, "the Italian anarchist members of the Defense Committee called him in and ordered him to 'lay off.' They wouldn't say why, but the inference is that they feared his line of investigation."

3. At least two Italian workers who knew Sacco admitted privately afterward that they had recognized him as one of the five men who had taken part in the hold-up. They were too frightened, however, too concerned about their families, to come forward and say so to the police.

4. George Kelley, Sacco's employer, recognized a cap found at the scene of the crime as belonging to Sacco but hesitated to identify it because, as he explained to the police chief, "I don't want to get a bomb up my ass." A hair taken from inside the cap was found under microscopic examination to match exactly a hair taken from Sacco's head. The district attorney did not use this as evidence because he feared that

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the defense and the newspapers would ridicule him for trying to hang the defendant by a hair.

5. Carlo Tresca, the anarchist leader who organized the trial defense and brought Moore into the case, told his friend Max Eastman long afterward that Sacco was guilty although Vanzetti was not. In the autumn of 1941, he made the same admission at greater length at a meeting at the house of Norman Thomas, the Socialist leader. Among those present was John Roche. Of that conversation Roche wrote me:

> Tresca came bounding in enraged about something and took over the show. Somehow the subject of Sacco-Vanzetti came up—I have a funny feeling I had just finished reading *Winterset* and asked him about it. The gist of his vigorous remarks was that Sacco had murdered a good comrade (Vanzetti) because he thought they could beat the rap. Vanzetti was innocent, but Sacco was involved and refused to plead guilty and save Vanzetti. What intrigues me in retrospect is I can't recall Norman reacting at all; there was no argument.

6. Ballistics tests conducted by various experts, Goddard in 1927 and Jury and Weller in 1961, have shown beyond any visible doubt that a shell found at the scene of the crime and a bullet taken from a murdered guard's body match test shells and test bullets fired in the Colt automatic found on Sacco the night of his arrest. Professional vindicators of Sacco and Vanzetti have with forensic deftness tried to raise doubts as to the veracity of these tests, whose results, however, were unambiguous. I myself in 1961 peered through the comparison microscope. Test shells fired both in 1921 and 1961 match the murder shell and bullet as if they were one. As to the belatedly raised question of whether the prosecution might not have made a fraudulent substitution for the original murder shell and bullet, I need only point out that at the time of the trial neither prosecution nor defense realized that the breechblock markings on a shell are as individual as the striations on a bullet. Even if one were to grant for the sake of argument that the murder bullet had been replaced by one fired later from Sacco's Colt, no one connected with the prosecution would then have known enough to have made a similar substitution of the shell.

7. After the South Braintree hold-up murders a factory worker found four .32 caliber shells in the gravel close to where the shooting had taken place. Two were Peters, one a Remington, the fourth a Winchester of a variety no longer manufactured. Sacco at his arrest had 23 cartridges loose in his pocket and nine in the clip of a .32-caliber Colt tucked in his belt. All in all he had 16 Peters, seven U.S., three Remingtons, and six of the obsolete Winchesters. The coincidence of the bullets, in the minds of the jurymen, was too large to be accidental. According to the later autobiography of one of them, while they were debating their verdict a juryman remarked that witnesses could not be depended on, "but the bullets, there's no way of getting around that!" Nor is there.

8. Finally, the silence of the Sacco family, unbroken for a half-century. In Maxwell Anderson's verse play, *Winterset*, based on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, Mio Romagna, the son of an innocent man executed for murder, gives his life to tracking down the real criminals. As he tells a friend whom he met in his wanderings across America: "For my heritage they've left me one thing only, and that's my father's voice crying up out of the earth. . . . I've tried to live and forget it—but I was birthmarked with hot iron into the entrails."

It is Mio's compulsion to search out the men who had committed the crime for which his father died, a compulsion that brings him to his own death. Dante Sacco did not feel that visceral urgency to clear his father's name and avenge his blood. The desperate eloquence of those final letters, the memory of the man who loved him and whom he as a 15-year-old had visited in the Death House, did not drive him into the ranks of that class struggle "between tyranny and liberty." One conclusion, underlined over the decades, is inescapable. Dante Sacco knew that his father was guilty.

I have often asked myself what I should have done in Dante's place. I had my differences with my own father. But I loved him with an unreasoning intensity that has never faded. If he had been executed for a crime he did not commit, I should have had to devote the rest of my life to ferreting out the real criminals. It would not have been a matter of choice but of compulsion. Yet, if my father had been guilty, I should have done what Dante Sacco did: remained silent.

Relentless Shadow

I can account for the silence of the Sacco family in no other way. Dante was seven years old when his father was arrested, nine when he sat beside his mother in the Dedham courtroom and heard her cry out after the jury brought in its verdict of guilty. Through the long childhood years he went regularly with his mother to the Dedham jail, bringing his father Italian food and delicacies. It was from that jail that Sacco wrote to one of his Yankee dowager benefactresses of the time when he lived in his bungalow in Stoughton, how after visiting friends in the evening he and Rosina would come back with Dante asleep in his arms. "Those day," he recalled, "they was a some happy day." Dante would never have been able to forget that slight, dark man in the prison jacket who had carried him. He must have loved his father, yet he also knew of his father's guilt. It was the shadow he could not escape. A less honorable man might have shouted out his father's mock innocence to applauding crowds. He could not. His father's cause was not his. Nicola Sacco was an Italian, a revolutionary. Dante was an American who wanted nothing more than to be a member of the solid middle class that Whitehead maintained was the strength of America. But he was caught. He could not deny his heritage. If, like Al Capone's son, he had changed his name and fled to some far-off city, it would have been an admission of his father's

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guilt. So he lived his years in Norwood, the small town and only five miles from the courthouse where he had seen his father condemned.

"Dear Mr. Sacco . . ."

In the twenty years that I have concerned myself with the Sacco-Vanzetti case I never once tried to approach Dante Sacco. Others have. David Felix, in writing his study of the role of the intellectuals in the case, once telephoned him. Dante replied with frigid politeness that he had nothing to say. More recently an editor of *Paris Match* tried to arrange an interview with Rosina through her son. "Nobody stands a dog's chance of interviewing my mother," Dante told him.

I suppose I am the only person who ever changed his mind about the case. When I published my first article in 1953, I was so convinced of the two Italians' innocence and of the venality of Massachusetts justice that in describing Governor Fuller—whom I sometimes ran into in the First National Bank—I wrote that I could never see him "without thinking of the blood on his hands"—a phrase the editor agreed with but made me delete as libelous. Later I began a full-length history of the case, hoping that in the course of writing it I might somehow be able to prove once and for all that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent. How, gradually and reluctantly, I came to change my mind I have explained more fully in the new introduction to my book, *Tragedy in Dedham*, which was first published in 1962. Nine years later it was reissued to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the trial. Much had happened in that interval, all of it tending to confirm my altered belief that Sacco was guilty and Vanzetti either innocent or at worst an accessory after the fact. The dark secret that Sinclair encountered in 1927 still shadowed the Sacco family.

Dante was listed simply as D. Sacco in the Norwood telephone directory. Since my conclusions had turned so devastatingly against his father I at last decided to write him, so that he might at least be able to say that he thought his father innocent—if indeed he thought so. I sent the letter 16 months before his death. I wrote:

> Dear Mr. Sacco:
>
> It is only after a great deal of hesitancy that I have finally decided to write you. As you know, some years ago I wrote a book about the Sacco-Vanzetti case. During the writing of it I knew that you lived in Norwood, and in the State House records I learned about your mother's remarriage. Also I believe it was Aldino Felicani who told me she lived in Bridgewater. But I have never tried to approach any of you because I felt that this dark and enormous tragedy had shadowed your lives through no fault of your own. If you wanted to keep silent, that was your right.
>
> Oddly enough our paths have crossed indirectly several times. My friend Henry Beston told me he had once rented his Outermost House to you for the summer and said you had been married in Friendship where I spent many summers. Also Mrs. Mary Di-Pasquale Murray is a friend of mine. Her son lived for years next to us, and her granddaughter is my own daughter's godmother. She told me much about your father as a young man when she used to teach him English, and although our views of the case differ we remain understanding friends.
>
> I am afraid what I must next say is painful, but once having written you I cannot avoid it. I am shortly getting out a new edition of my book to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Dedham trial. After the bullet tests that I sponsored in 1961 and that I personally supervised, I could only conclude that the Colt found on your father at his arrest was the one that fired a fatal bullet in South Braintree. Who might have pulled the trigger then is another matter. But I cannot look on him as an innocent man. I may be wrong. So much has always been indeterminate in this case. Yet in the silence of the Sacco family is, at least to outsiders, an implication of guilt. That is the only conclusion that I can draw. In the case that I may be wrong I finally decided to write you.
>
> When years ago I visited the Brinis in Plymouth, where Vanzetti used to board, they overwhelmed me with good will in the memory and defense of their old friend. And the son Beltrando, now a teacher in Wollaston, spent an evening talking with me as openly as a man can talk even though the case has warped his life. With Vanzetti's friends everybody talks. With your family there is silence. The conclusion may be cruel, but it is inevitable.
>
> The case has really been the great American case of the century, transcending the individuals involved. My book with its flaws is a minor matter. Your own feelings are a major matter, and I expect you could many times have wished the whole thing out of your life. Yet it does become a part of history, and even as a part of history it remains vague. The Dreyfus case, to which it has been compared, at least had a conclusion. Dreyfus was the innocent victim of a frame-up. We now know how and why. But the Sacco-Vanzetti case is something to which history cannot yet supply an unequivocal answer. There are those still alive, a few at least, who know just what did happen on that April afternoon in South Braintree half a century ago. For the sake of history it is another tragedy that they should die without making it clear.
>
> What I am prepared to ask you is something you have never done and perhaps never will do. But I wonder if once for the sake of history you will be willing to make your own statement about the case. If the conclusion that the silence of the Sacco family is an implication of guilt is wrong, I should like to be able to say so. Only this has persuaded me to write you, assailed as you must have been by the fanatics of both sides.
>
> I have spent years in making up my mind to send this letter to you. And I can well understand that you may choose not to reply to me or to anyone else. But I in turn have to draw what conclusions I can from every aspect of the case, not for my own vanity or any other reason than that in my imperfect way I feel I have an obligation to history.

To this letter I never received a reply.

An Ordinary Man?

Dante Sacco managed to achieve almost if not quite what he longed for in life, to be an ordinary man in an ordinary community. For wherever he and his wife and children went he must have been aware of the whisperings behind him. To protect himself he kept his silence. There would have been only one catharsis for him. He could have told the truth.

He could have said that his father as an anarchist at war with society had participated in the South Braintree holdup. If the son could have recognized his father's fanatic courage while admitting his guilt he could have liberated himself. I have felt more sorry for him than I did for his father. I had hoped he would answer my letter; I can see now that he could not. He was a decent man, a courageous one. How much the dark secret weighed on him, he never hinted. But he bore up under it. I wish he might have set himself free. □

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TO ABORT OR NOT TO ABORT

The constitutional debate over abortion is being argued under the subheading of murder. The wider issue, says the author, that should engage us is the danger inherent in social technology

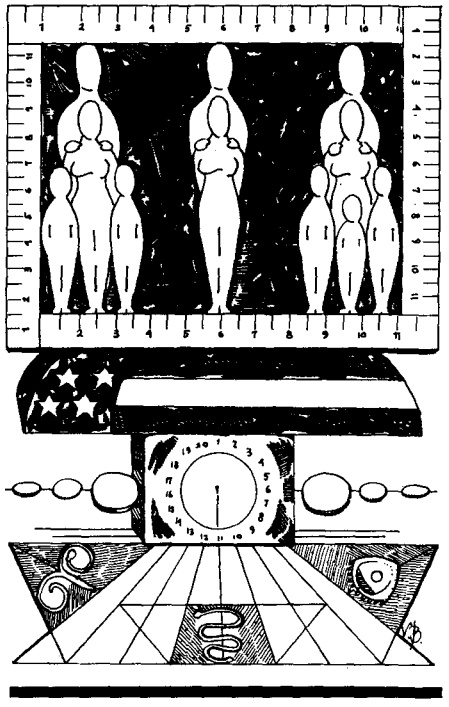
The Wife of Onan and the Sons of Cain

JOHN A. MILES JR.

NOT LONG AGO, I flew to Los Angeles for a major international conference on the study of religion, a *Mammutkongress* as a German report later described it, in which a dozen scholarly societies from around the world gathered to address the theme "Religion and the Humanization of Man." During the flight west I chanced to meet a fellow passenger who was a specialist in the neurophysiology of sexual attraction. He asked me about changes in the sexual morality of the churches and related matters. But I was brought up most sharply when he asked whether our conference would consider in any way the humanization of man by genetic modification. This indeed was not on the agenda, and the gravity of the omission taught me more than I learned in the conference itself.

An expert in comparative religion once observed that relations are usually quietest between religions that have least in common—like Christianity and Buddhism—and most acrimonious between religions that have most in common—like Christianity and Islam. Something similar obtains, it seems to me, in the relationship of religion to the humanities, on the one hand, and to natural science, on the other. Religion can quarrel with the humanities because they have a common language. But there is no common language for religion and natural science, and there is very little talk. It is as a result of this silence that religion so often finds itself struggling with a delayed impact of advances in natural science and the related technology.

More than the population explosion,



more than the collapse of family life, it was the development of the contraceptive pill that precipitated the birth-control debate of the past decade. In a similar way it has been the perfection of abortive techniques rather than a sudden outbreak of disrespect for life that has caused the present controversy over abortion. I do not mean to minimize socio-religious factors that are also at play. And yet if there is an aspect of the abortion debate that has been neglected, I think it must surely be the interplay between technology and values.

Can anyone doubt that as we now wrestle with the challenge posed by advances in embryology and antisepsis made a half-century and more ago, new challenges are brewing in other test tubes? In the present debate, for example, much has been made of the resemblance of the fetus to ourselves. It must be human because it looks so human. But what are we to make of *homo artificialis* as described by geneticist Bruce Wallace (*Saturday Review of Science*, February 1973)? *Homo artificialis*, the product of a quite conceivable genetic experiment, does not resemble man superficially. In an accompanying illustration, he lacks nose, mouth, ears, hair, and fingers. Nor is he capable of reproduction with man, though he can breed with other *hominibus artificialibus*. He is, however, capable of elaborate mental simulations, understands and attempts to follow the Golden Rule, and is capable of fear. Wallace says that taxonomically *homo artificialis* is not a member of the human species but adds, "Should I seek *human* company . . . I might choose the product of this genetic experimentation to many of my conspecific fellow men." If I ask, "Is the abortion of a *homo artificialis* a mortal sin?" and you feel that my question is out of place, then my point is made: In a technologically fertile society, the transformation of circumstance contributes as much as the erosion of basic morality to any conflicts that may bedevil us.

Our social commitment to technological transformation is of such long standing and such accumulated weight that only a secular apostasy of almost inconceivable violence could challenge it. However, in the absence of such an apostasy, it can still be instructive to consider the example of those small, recalcitrant communities that have managed, more or less, to resist the initial conversion. Certain American Pentecostals have been consistently opposed not only to abortion, birth control, and euthanasia but also to doctors, medication, life insurance, and banking. The well-known Amish community is op-

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posed even to machinery and currency. Positions like theirs, however peculiar they seem on first acquaintance, do have an inner consistency. Either we are in the care of God, they argue, or we are not. If we are, do we not disparage His loving kindness and challenge His wisdom by the attempt to lengthen our days or enrich ourselves in bodily health or material possessions beyond what He chooses to provide? They guess, and shrewdly, that technology is a servant who takes over the house. In the Book of Genesis it is the descendants of Cain the murderer who invent metal-working, make musical instruments, and build towns. What the example of the Amish teaches about our present controversy is the inadequacy of saying, for example, that euthanasia follows abortion. Euthanasia does follow abortion, but it follows a great deal more than abortion, and the process of which abortion is a part leads toward a great deal more than euthanasia.

The history of science and technology may be the story of the monster turning on Dr. Frankenstein, or it may be the story of Dr. Frankenstein taming the monster. It all depends on how you read it. Either way, however, it is instructive to step back a century or two and view life as it was lived before the introduction of a given technological blessing/curse. Since, in the present controversy, we are concerned with the technology of artificial birth control and medically safe abortion, we do well to ask how life was lived before these techniques were available.

Lost Foundlings

In a study entitled "Checks on Population Growth: 1750-1850" (*Scientific American*, February 1972), William L. Langer notes that the rate of marriage in the eighteenth century fluctuated according to economic conditions. Late marriage was the rule: Men married at 28 or 29, women at 25 or 26. However, there was a great deal of involuntary celibacy. Servants frequently did not marry. Women without income would live as dependents with relatives. Men joined the military.

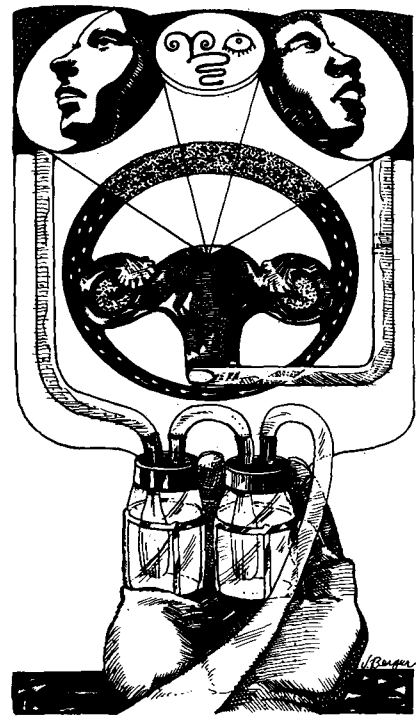
In all of Germany except Prussia and in much of Switzerland, the procurement of the marriage license was far from a formality. Determined to eliminate pauperism, anxious to build a population of sturdy farmers and skilled artisans, a city like Württemberg could rule that "no one had the right to produce children whom he was unable to support and who thereby became the responsibility of the population." Thus in 1830, there was only one marriage among 121 inhabitants of Württemberg, and only one among 236 in 1854.

England did not ration marriage licenses in this way. Rather, after the humane fashion of the English, the New Poor Law of 1834 merely required that paupers live in designated poorhouses and that males and females be separately housed, even if they were married.

The most important check on population growth, however, was not enforced celibacy but infanticide. Even as late as 1878, 6 per cent of all deaths in England were the result of infanticide. Note that the statistic does not report that 6 per cent of infant deaths were by killing but that 6 per cent of all deaths in the population were the deaths of murdered infants. To put that statistic in perspective, consider that deaths by automobile accident account for only 3 per cent of the total deaths per annum in the United States.

Infanticide was against the law, of course. Penalties for it ranged up to death by drowning and burial alive; but they had little effect. Infants were dispatched by starvation and strangulation. They were poisoned with gin. Their skulls were broken with hairbrushes. They were exposed in church doorways or on the streets. And, perhaps most commonly, they were "overlaid"; that is, smothered as they slept in bed with their mothers. Edwin Lankester, a journalist of the day, reports that he never knew of a woman punished for killing her own offspring, no matter how flagrant the circumstances.

Voices were raised against infanticide, of course, and social remedies were applied. But as is so often the case when an attempted remedy is purely social, they only compounded the problem. One Thomas Coran, a retired admiral, organized a foundling hospital in London in 1741 and in 1756 was granted goverment funds for it. A bell was hung outside the front gate of the hospital so that abandoning parents needed only ring it and run. And ring it they did. Coran's hospital was inundated. During the four years from 1756 to 1760, fifteen thousand foundlings were accepted. Unfortunately, 10,600 of these died; in 1760 the hospital had to curtail its activities.



Other foundling hospitals grew up around the country, but it would be overkind to describe these as charitable institutions. Jonas Hardway, another contemporary observer, called them "these slaughterhouses of infants." Popularly, they were known as "baby farms" and those who staffed them as "killing nurses" and "she-butchers." In the "baby farms," infants were commonly dispatched with a concoction known as "Godfrey's treacle," a blend of opium, treacle, and sassafras. Ten gallons or twelve thousand doses of "Godfrey's treacle" were sold in Coventry each week. When Richard Carlile, an early advocate of birth control, said, "it is a question if infanticide ever prevailed in any country more than in our own," his statement went unchallenged, through Langer's modern study suggests that conditions were perhaps worse in France. In 1863 the *Morning Star* wrote that infanticide "is positively becoming a national institution."

If infanticide is not equally widespread in our own day, the credit surely must go to the technology of birth control. And so if the technological management of human existence from hospital cradle to hospital grave is a prospect dismal to contemplate, we may take some grim comfort that the alternatives are hardly less humane.

Another technologically generated conflict, directly involved in the abortion debate, concerns the rise of Women's Liberation. Am I in favor of

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Women's Liberation? I have asked myself. Of course, I answered at first. Then I said simply, yes. Then, not very. Now I say, I don't know. For it is plain, on a moment's reflection, that the liberation in question is primarily technological liberation from pregnancy and from the web of social roles deriving therefrom, and who can foresee clearly enough where that web will prove to have supported us and where restrained to declare so soon either his support or his opposition? Consider:

> The one thing wrong with my many mental pictures of Sally and our child was that I wasn't in any of them. All I could picture was Sally and the baby, and the reason was that Sally made it perfectly obvious to me that that was how she pictured it. I don't think she used the pronoun "we" at all, after she knew that she was pregnant. For her our marriage seemed to have ended on that day. From then on she said "I'll," never "we'll." . . . It took me months to articulate it to myself, but my one function in Sally's life had been to get her pregnant. I had performed it, and that was that. All she had needed of me was my seed. I gave it and that was that. In all other respects she was self-sufficient. She didn't even say thank you for the seed.

I don't know what that quotation, from Larry McMurtry's *All My Friends Are Going To Be Strangers*, suggests to you, but to me it suggests that if abortion is the concern only of the woman and her physician, then psychologically if not logically, so is motherhood. In other words, the day is past when "unwed mother" automatically meant "deserted mother." A friend of mine is considering having a child by a man she knows she would never marry. Those who could still say of her pregnancy, "Some guy got her in trouble," do not appreciate the impact of technology on morals.

Or consider this, from Walker Percy's *Love in the Ruins*:

> "It's not your fault. People grow away from each other. Spiritual growth is the law of life. Our obligation is to be true to ourselves and to relate to this law of life."
>
> "Isn't marriage a relation?"
>
> "Our marriage is a collapsed morality, like a burnt-out star which collapses into itself, gives no light and is heavy heavy heavy."

Merde. Spiritual growth, thus individually understood, may be a commitment, but it is not the law of life. You may sacrifice everything and everyone to it if you wish, but (forgive my impertinence) you will not die if you do not. As Philip Rieff has so searingly demonstrated, unconditional commitment to one's own spiritual growth is the solvent which dissolves absolutely every relationship, leaving a world in which one is not only, in Kafka's phrase, "a sect unto himself," but also a family unto himself. I find more than a trace of that corrosive in Justice Blackmun's opinion inasmuch as he chose to base it on the individual woman's right to privacy. For my own part, however, I do not so much question the woman's right to privacy as wonder about the implications of her desire for it, and of my own.

Nena and George O'Neill write in the preface of their best-selling *Open Marriage*:

> Two consistent threads ran through all our interviews: One was the desire for freedom, and the other a longing for relatedness to another—a search for a deeply personal and mutual commitment in a relationship that would not bind or constrict growth.

I do not believe, in the abstract, that those two threads are consistent with each other, but rather that they are finally contradictory. And yet they will not fight to a standstill, for one of them, the thread of freedom, has behind it the weight of a major, technologically generated trend; viz., the American trend to do alone and unaided much that in an earlier era we did in consort.

Self-service shopping eliminates the need to talk to the grocer. Air-conditioning permits one to stay indoors on hot nights. Campers eliminate the social complication of the hotel, and cheap yachts the interpersonal ordeal of the ocean cruise. I count myself no Luddite; and particularly for the class (my own) which used to perform the named services, the gifts of technology are balm in Gilead. More mixed a blessing, however, is a spreading confidence in the total adequacy of the individual, a triumph of privacy that, in works like *Open Marriage*, captures even the bedroom.

The triumph of privacy might be innocuous enough if each could be not only a sect and a family unto himself but a nation as well. Alas, it would seem that this is not to be. Totalitarianism is by definition the elimination of every independent organizational unit that might stand between the individual and the organized total state. Some of the proponents of abortion reform seem to regard the Supreme Court decision as their liberation from tyrannization by the Roman Catholic Church with its infallible pope. But as Gordon Zahn has pointed out, they naively expect that once the Court has spoken, the matter should be settled for Catholic consciences as well as for their own. Catholics stand as heretics before a secular infallibility, repeating with a new referent Galileo's "*Eppur si muove*." And if the heresy dies out, as well it may, there will die with it some of the power the Catholic Church might use to interpose a larger protective unit between the privatized citizen and his government. Whatever the truth of the abortion cause, I find that prospect sobering.

Unfound Foundlings

What will be the machinery of abortion enforcement? None, one might think at first: No one is ever required to have an abortion, and moreover this is a judicial decision not an act of legislation. But of course the laws are being rewritten, and I beg leave to doubt that they will always respect the conscience of, say, a physician in a remote area.

In any area of public policy, legality, encouragement, and coercion constitute a continuum. According to the *Chicago Daily News* (March 26, 1973),

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State Representative Webber Borchers (R.) has introduced a bill into the Illinois House that would require the state to provide free and voluntary vasectomies and tubal ligations to persons who have cohabited in Illinois for a year and have a combined income of less than $5,000 a year. If the couple's combined income is less than $3,000 a year, each could get a free vasectomy or tubal ligation—plus a $100 check from the state. The program would cost the state $2 million. Now sterilization has always been a legal operation. Rep. Borchers simply wants to provide a $100 incentive for it. But now that abortion is also legal, nothing would prevent him or some other legislator from providing an incentive for abortion—a bounty on the fetus, as it were.

Neither of these measures, of course, mentions race. Borchers' only (perverse) requirement for sterilization is cohabitation. The services in question would be available to blacks and whites alike. And yet if I were a black man earning $100,000 a year, I would still react to these proposals as to a newspaper advertisement for a brick bungalow in a desirable location. It does not surprise me that Jean Noble, Executive Director of the National Council of Negro Women, believes that "abortion is genocidal, a method of limiting the black population." It does not surprise me, in other words, to find a distant-early-warning alarm in black people to any public policy in which the word "unwanted" is allowed so prominent a role. Whites who may find such imagined threats to black life remote do well to recall Goering's response to the complaint that too many gentiles were going to the concentration camps. He said, "I decide who is a Jew."

Money, of course, is one of the crasser incentives. In Kurt Vonnegut's "Welcome to the Monkey House," men are persuaded more insidiously to make society's goals their own. In Vonnegut's fantasy, sexual gratification is not available outside "Ethical Suicide Parlors." manned by virgin hostesses in purple body stockings, prepared for their work with degrees in psychology and nursing. Because of automation, most men are unemployed and spend their time watching television and hearing, every 15 minutes, a public-service announcement urging them to "pay a call to the nearest Ethical Suicide Parlor and find out how friendly and understanding a Hostess [can] be." We may be far from Vonnegut's fantasy world, and yet I confess I was reminded of his hostesses as I read the following published description of counselors in a New York abortion clinic:

> A counselor may be a nurse, a social worker, a psychologist, or, in many cases, an unspecialized college graduate who is bright, friendly, calm, empathetic, believes strongly in the right to abortion, probably has had one herself, and is present as surrogate friend. The best counselors work hard and successfully to allay the patient's worst fears, listen to and help with all sorts of problems, and stand by her while the doctor is at work, holding her hand, stroking her forehead, *talking all the while to take her mind off the moment.* [Emphasis added.]

One wonders, given the current enlightened (à la Kubler-Ross) management of death, what the liberal reaction would be to a nurse who talked all the while to take the dying patient's mind off the moment. But I digress.

Is Life Fundamental?

NATIONAL REVIEW (June 22) reports Senator James Buckley's speech on behalf of the Human Life Amendment to the Constitution. Senator Buckley is reported to be reluctant to take the route of constitutional amendment: "My decision was not lightly taken, for I believe that only matters of permanent and fundamental interest are properly the subject for constitutional amendment." Though I would not support the amendment as framed, I personally welcome the prospect of a constitutional debate, for—unlike Senator Buckley—I am convinced that an issue of permanent and fundamental interest is indeed joined. The issue is not abortion but rather our national response to the coming technology of social science.

Even if that response is to be an unqualified and systematic negative (hardly to be presumed in advance of the debate), it would be well to take the time to utter it. The much maligned B. F. Skinner has faced an essential implication not just of behavioral psychology but of social science as such; namely, that if social science is indeed science, then it can and will generate technology and even industry. What the counter-utopian literature from Orwell and Huxley down to Vonnegut and Burgess suggests is that this most recent technology is a sin. And maybe it is. But a future generation might regard our horror of social innoculation with the same puzzlement with which we regard the Jehovah's Witnesses' horror of blood transfusion. Either way we are party to a debate that the framers of the Constitution could scarcely have foreseen on an issue as broad as the construction of society itself. If we find the Founding Fathers by implication opposed to the new technology, then let us draw the implication in so many words.

Failing to do that, we may expect that this technology—like earlier technology—will be exploited in a privatized, random fashion and will surprise us at some future date with an ugly public quarrel. In Arthur Koestler's most recent novel, a dozen scientists meet in Switzerland to discuss the survival of the human species and to consider the advisability of drafting a letter to the President like Einstein's famous letter to Roosevelt. A neurophysiologist rises with a novel proposal:

> It is quite simple, my dear colleagues. You collect a thousand volunteers. You pay them. You do not tell them what the experiment is about. You tell them the pills are for having nice dreams while you sleep. During the treatments you arrange for various incidents to occur. The office boss is unpleasant to the subject. He is pushed in the subway by an *agent provocateur*. His wife starts flirting with his best friend. . . . If the subjects pass all these tests with stoic fortitude, the product can be put on the market. When its effects are shown on television, the use of the product will spread very quickly. It will also spread across the Iron Curtain and the Chinese Wall. Then the tampering . . . can be done with public approval. Otherwise it will have to done anyway.

The neurophysiologist's proposal is greeted with horror. He himself is a bit ostracized at the final session. That night he reflects in his room that he

> did not feel justified in telling them that the experiment was actually on its way. Soon after his return the team would have received and tabulated the first results. Then we shall see. . . .

This is the sort of surprise I should like to see the United States avoid. It may, of course, be unavoidable. However, if the coming constitutional debate can somehow correct its course to approach abortion as a subheading under dangers of social technology rather than simply as a subheading under murder, then there is hope. □

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A TEENAGER ABROAD

A Sixteen Year Old's European Vacation

L. BRENT BOZELL JR.

ESCORIAL, SPAIN.
Dear Mommy and Papa:

Today is Sunday and school is out until Tuesday due to some feast so I'll get around to writing about my trip to Rome. It's about time, isn't it?

I'll try to keep it short because if I were to tell everything that happened of interest, it would take a week to write this. I caught the ten o'clock train going to Barcelona, and got there at eleven P.M. After finding a pension (a literal hole) and going to a bar to have a bocadillo, I went to another bar to have a coffee, but ended up in a house of ill fame. Oops. Next morning, Thursday, I started hitch-hiking toward the border; Tim Baker was *so* right: The French don't take anybody! By four, I was in Figueras, a town about 120 kilometers from Barcelona and about twenty from the border, and from there nobody would give me a lift, so I decided to take a train to the first French town, called Cerbère. but I didn't know it was up in the mountains (i.e., in the middle of nowhere). After trying unsuccessfully for a couple of hours, I got a ticket on a train to Arles.

The train left a little late, and I woke up at Nice, on the Riviera, at about ten A.M. (Friday). The road to Italy was on the beachside, so it was packed with people and cars, but once again, by mid-afternoon I still hadn't gotten a ride. At that point I made revised calculations and figured out that I had drastically underestimated time and distance for the trip, in such a way that at the rate I was going, I would never have time to get to Rome. At that I decided to take a train straight to Rome.

I got to Rome at twelve P.M., whereupon I took a cab to Tim's place, but when I asked the driver how much it cost, he told me $8, so I got out. As I was looking for a bar to call him up at, two things happened: First of all, I saw a fight in the middle of the road between five sluts and five other women —I don't know what it was all about, but it sure was funny; they were so wop-ish, stopping all traffic and pulling at each other's hair! Secondly, I realized that not only had I left Tim's phone number in the cab but also your friends' address in Viterbo. Sorry. I decided to sleep in the train station (there was no way I could get to Tim's place at that hour). As I went in, I realized that the waiting room was locked, so I decided to look for some hole somewhere. When I found the perfect hole, it was being presently occupied by five drunks and a Moor (I think more Moors live in train stations than in Africa!). At around two A.M. the entire train station closed down and we were thrown out. This was awfully strange, but then again, a lot of strange things went on there while I was there!

OUTSIDE of the station I was met by two men who looked like perfect hoods. They asked me if I was looking for a hotel. I said yes, if it was cheap. One went off one way while the other one led me further and further down a semideserted street. I kept asking for the "hotel" to which he would answer "later, later." From the start I had been suspicious but I had decided to try my luck out anyway. As it turned out, I was lucky unlucky (?). We ended up in a bar where hood #2 came in. With him entered a "she" (the fact that he-she wore lipstick I guess was proof enough). . . . Off they went into one corner speaking in low voices and looking at me. At that I started getting really s c a r e d. So when the three left and told me to wait, I took off and ended up in the BEA-BOAC waiting room. I told the man at the desk that I was waiting for a flight going to the States and went to sleep on a bench. The fact that there was a cop in the building worked like a sleeping pill! At about 6:30 I was courteously asked to leave: There was no such flight.

At about seven I caught a bus to Tim's place. When I got there I asked if Tim was there. No, he was in Yugoslavia. Did he leave a message saying I could use his room? No, he hadn't. Could I use his room? No, I couldn't. At that I tracked down the dean, Mr. Scully, and told him that I was Chris Bozell's brother and that maybe I was going to go to Dallas University next year, and that Chris had spoken very highly of him, and COULD I USE TIM'S ROOM!? He let me.

I slept all Saturday. On Sunday, I went to Pope Paul's eleven o'clock Mass, where, when he was marched down the aisle I was no more than a yard away from him! After that I stayed in the plaza until he gave his blessing. I walked around Rome for a couple of hours.

On Monday morning, Tim came back. After lunch a bunch of us went back to the city. We walked around Rome for about five hours, going all over the place. We went up two of the seven hills. On the top of the second hill we got to this house with two busts of Nero, so we guessed it was his place. There was about one square mile of gardens, which I think are the most beautiful in the world, with underground gardens. We saw a palm tree surrounded by a bunch of bushes; the only way to get to the tree was to follow the pattern of the bushes, a type of lambrynth which took about five minutes to follow to get to the tree.

On Tuesday I went to Assisi. It took me three trains and four hours to get there and as it turned out I only had an hour and a half to see everything. I saw the main church (where he is buried) and then spent the rest of the time walking around the town. I can see why you liked it so much! If someone were to take all of the tourists and buses out, I think it would be the most beautiful town in the world! I really loved it.

I still hadn't seen the Sistine Chapel or St. Peter's entirely, for that matter, so on Wednesday I tried to see them. The Sistine Museum was closed, but I did see all of St. Peter's (I still like El Escorial more, though). I think that the thing that most surprised me (and that I thought was the funniest thing in Rome) were the posters on the

(Continues on page 909)

Brent Bozell Jr. attends school at the El Escorial Monastery in Spain.

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

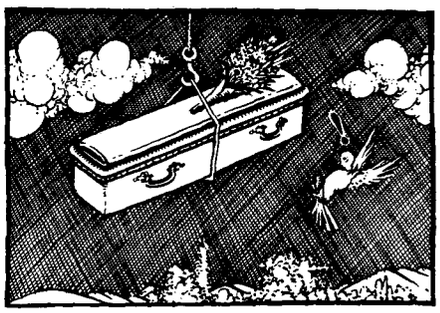
D. KEITH MANO

Burials—II

"This, Mr. Mano, is beautiful Fern Valley."

My God, beautiful? A filing cabinet has more aesthetic voltage. Stacked one atop another, four squares high—a block-long granite ice-cube tray on its side. The dead, pigeonholed. Mausolea bulk like a low-income housing development over the abused, suburban countryside. All it needs: a couple washlines, some TV antennae, your old grandma leaning out a window on her elbows. Man, heights scare me to death. It's the apartment dweller's nightmare necropolis: a Big Condominium in the Sky.

Several thousand under construction:



A burly crane sets the modular bureau drawers into place. Containerization's the word today. But Fern Valley is a mere nothing. Down in Nashville, the salesman tells me, they had this twenty-story office building that bombed in the rental market. Now it's a high-rise cemetery. He swears, honest: You grab an UP elevator, somber Muzak playing, to hang a wreath on the Loved One. Take that, Khufu: twenty stories. You'll want a new liturgy: "We commit this body into mid-air . . . through Our Lord Jesus Christ at whose coming the earth and the sea and the 15th floor shall give up their dead." Amen. Bong, going down.

Here's a swift kick in the Cheops for you. Talk about peer-group pressure. I read this full half-page enormity in the *New York Post*: "Through the ages mausoleum interment above the ground has been the choice of spiritual leaders of the bible [lower case sic], of royalty, and of the wealthy." Moses says: Buy a slot, folks, not a plot. "The shrines of the world leaders and statesmen, the Pyramids, Taj Mahal, and Westminster Abbey are examples of man's desire to avoid the harsh elements of the earth." Do you really think Jackie's going under? Crass. Ladybird maybe, but not Jackie. "The wealthy and the famous have always preferred it. Royalty demanded it." Could Jesus have risen from six feet under? Huh? Think about it. Would have taken another three days. We'd be celebrating Easter Wednesday. "Hi, John: See my new Thunderbird? Snazzy job." "It's all right, swell. . . . Say, Peggy and I—we've bought a mausoleum." "A mausoleum? Really? Geez . . . Say, John—you and I, we both pull down twelve or 15 . . . A mausoleum . . . Look, don't tell the wife—she won't give me a minute's peace."

The gall of it. Dead, you thought you were through keeping up with—or above—the indefatigable Joneses. I quote again, "Until now mausoleum burial was available only to the privileged few. Now it is available to *all* at low cost with easy payments—ACT NOW FOR 30 PER CENT SAVING DURING CONSTRUCTION!" While they're putting up your A-frame in the Poconos, we can be squaring off your crypt in Westchester County. And, having secured an unsolicitable testimonial from the Pharaohs, they give you miracles of modern science. "Technology and new construction methods make it possible. And since mausoleum purchase is a one-time, all-inclusive investment you are forever free of gardening and perpetual-care bills." It's the only way to be free of perpetual-care bills—forever. Once a month they run you over with a dust cloth and some Johnson's Pledge. Beats Johnny Carson's $50 interment: where they bury you, one hand sticking up and out, with your American Express card in it.

"Mr. Mano, tell me—" My salesman is urgent: He has sensed resistance. "Do you come from the old country?"

"Which old country?"

"Any old country. People from the old country want this." He winks. "They remember it: the rich, you know. A matter of status."

"Oh, that old country." He nods, smiles.

"Now we're going four high at Fern Valley." Points with a finger. "We can put you in at arm level or eye level or heart level."

"What's the last one?"

"Well—shoe-top level. We haven't got the right word yet. Our nomenclature people are working on it. We tried ground level . . . but—didn't have the right ring."

EXCUSE me. If I'm going in, say, at arm level. During the ceremony—do you use . . . ah, a fork lift?"

"A fork lift? No. Gracious, no. It's very dignified. We have a grass-covered elevator." He leans over. I can't believe it: begins to wipe at my chin. Scouring there, the way my mother would after she had me spit on her handkerchief. But that's my mother: I hardly know this man. He becomes aware of the strange liberty. "Oh. Pardon me. There was dirt on your face." I nod. Guess he's used to working on corpses.

"It seems," I shrug, "a little too, well . . . cold. Sort of like a bunch of mailboxes in some apartment-house lobby."

"Mr. Mano. I don't want to say this, but there are other cemeteries . . . they shall be nameless. They stack them up ten high. And indoors. The place smells of death. Ten high. Just try to visualize. I know people with loved ones—when they go to visit Aunt Julia . . . well, they have to use field glasses." He takes my elbow. "Come inside. We'll talk down payments and interest."

I get shown scare photos. The Family That Put It Off. (Wife stands wearing black, hipbooted by ragweed and thistle, apparently settling for a plot in perpetual disrepair. And what appears to be an old Midol ad: wife seated, surrounded by bills, hands threshing

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hair, headache crowsfeet radiating out.) I can't quite substitute my wife for X. She's promised to scatter my ashes from the Flushing El. I've left only—um . . . a token amount for funeral expenses. Then happy photos. (Nuclear family, all grins around a color brochure. Can they really be rapping over Mom and Dad's new crypt?) Talk about sleeping in your coffin.

And it *is* reasonable. Two grand if I buy now. Ten per cent down, forty a month in easy installments: only $500 interest. My salesman has bought ten. Ten? At game time, I guess he'll do some fierce scalping. Serious now: social concern on his face. "Are you interested in ecology, Mr. Mano?" I nod: Why tell him I've just written a pro pollution novel? "Think of the land we'll save. This will allow us to set aside an area for picnic tables and recreation at Fern Valley." Lord, weenie-roast smoke on my buffed granite surface.

I resent it. The modulated intimidations; the shameless advertising gimmicks and their vicious snob appeal. I resent the terrible neat anonymity of cubbyhole death. And I resent most the last implication: that my atoms will somehow not refurbish the earth. □

THEATER

GARY JAY WILLIAMS

White Shoe Shakespeare

The American Shakespeare Theatre (AST) at Stratford, Connecticut rises to conventional competence at times in two of its three new productions—*The Country Wife* and *Measure for Measure*. An afternoon or evening in the theater on the Housatonic still has the ambience of Sunday antiquing, an open-collared stroll amid prettily arranged still-life, with a rare glint of authenticity. You can wear your white shoes. The third new show clinches it with a theater-museum exhibit of nineteenth-century rant, featuring Fritz Weaver as Macbeth.

The AST company juggles rather well the canes and laces, wit and winces of William Wycherley's comedy about urbane British sexual manners in 1675. Philip Kerr is an attractive, though uninterestingly casual, Harry Horner, the libertine whose *beau stratagème* is to have himself declared impotent. This assures Horner of the complacence of London's husbands and the curiosity of London's wives. Margery Pinchwife is the sheltered young bride of a crabbed husband (too likably played by Jack Gwillim), the country wife who, despite all odds against it given her invincible simplicity and honesty, becomes the successful pupil of city life, learning how to deceive her way out of her locked bedroom into Horner's. She is Carole Shelley with a china-doll face, sunflower eyes, and a toy voice, and she wants only a sure, selective director to orchestrate her in the bravura letter-writing scene. Director David Giles has directed traffic with only serviceable resourcefulness—and directed it right past the play. He allows the evening to be played out as pleasantly as if it all were good-natured Molière or romantic Congreve where Wycherley's play is largely a mean minuet of concupiscence, the languid dance of death of a souring, venal society. That this could be entirely missed suggests a gap in an eroded sensibility of our own age.

Michael Kahn, AST's artistic director, has staged a straightforward, if rather literally scaled, *Measure for Measure*. There are profound resonances in the romance pale scholars call a "dark" comedy when the dimensions of justice and mercy intersect in the geometrical trial of souls overseen by Duke Vincentio. The Duke entrusts the reform of his decadent city of brothels to the austere Angelo and then withdraws to observe all from behind the guise of a slightly meddling divine. The draconian Angelo condemns a young man to death for fornication but unleashes his own appetite upon Isabella, sister and intercessor for the condemned and a novice of St. Clare. Angelo traps her in a choice between her virtue and her brother's life. Ultimately the Duke emerges to confront Angelo himself with an-eye-for-an-eye retribution and this adroitly turns the play and its nicest trial of mercy over to Isabella. She who has lost a brother (she thinks) and nearly her chastity to Angelo now intercedes for his reprieve.

In Kahn's hands, the play is an ambered romance, but too untroubling and without the translucence of legend. And instead of such extraneous, pretty effects as the madrigal or actors upholstered to the neck like stuffed owls, there are scenes wanting sculpting (the Angelo-Isabella meetings), and actors wanting guidance (my throat constricts from Isabella's stridency). The outline of Philip Kerr's Angelo as a self-mortifying ascetic is tantalizing but wants more than the droning simplicity of a retarded boy to deepen it. Lee Richardson's "Duke of dark corners" needs an aura of omnipotence around his fatherly geniality, but he is as assured and comfortable as a bronze bust in this playwright-within-a-play role.

For all its impressive, futuristic settings, the AST's *Macbeth* is dressed in all the emperor's old clothes. It is a production that seems to share with the nineteenth century the aspiration that everyone in Shakespeare be prettily over-upholstered in historical costume and every voice a barrel organ. Fritz Weaver's Macbeth sounds like an Edison cylinder recording of a minor Victorian tragedian, sucking wind through his beard and ballooning himself over the highest parapets of pretentious fustian. He staggers about the stage like a one-hinged storm door in a high wind and reduces "the swelling act of the imperial theme" to an heroic croak within the first hour. If the role demands a strenuously conscientious effort, the role also deserves—and the audience deserves—and Mr. Weaver and his director surely are capable of —a more intelligent and well-modulated approach than this. As it is, it is a production stiff with fear. Lady Macbeth is fitted with a sixteenth-century ruffed dress that gives way to a foolish, bosom-exposing plunge to the navel. That is about as probing as the

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David Brudnoy, *a weekly commentator on Boston's educational television station, has signed on with the local CBS affiliate, WNAC-TV, for a twice-weekly commentary.*

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production's symbolism and characterization get.

There is much that is visually impressive. Douglas Schmidt's settings first seem to outsize everything in the production, later seem to match its hollow giantism. A huge stainless-steel wall with tall narrow doors can be divided into lightning jagged halves that open and close like some mammoth maw of fate: a rather loud scenic statement, especially here. Marc B. Weiss has creatively projected the witches' visions onto a round window in space, a psychedelic kaleidoscope aquiver with the coronae of planets or the whirling faces of Macbeth's victims in a slow-motion corpuscular sea. Director Kahn's solution to the witches may be his season's best stroke. They are a coven of very corporal ladies of the Scottish court and emerge like darker angels from the dazzling white, Christian coronation rituals with which Kahn opens and closes his production. But elegant effects such as these remain only effects.

Perhaps America's Stratford is content to have its audiences return because it is summer, and because this is Stratford. But if it could add to its assets a courageous challenge to its constructed horizons of acting, creating the kind that visions can be unified around, it might become much more than a pleasant place to wear white shoes to. □

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Hosanna!

After *Godspell*, which recreates the Gospel according to St. Cutesy-poo, one approaches rock-folk-holiness flicks warily. Must we really suffer another plumply adorable Mary Magdalene, still one more Judas the closet case, Jesus—oh good Lord, not again—as gentle late-night teeny-bopper stoned on Himself? And then, my *JC Superstar* record album (reviewed in *NR*, June 29, 1971, by Sheldon Smith) is all mushy from overplaying with a blunted needle; Pilate's snarls, frenetic disciples' and apostles' crooning, Herod's Third Avenue swish—the whole too-familiar bit has palled. The clincher for me was an execrable Easter 1972 performance in Berlin, in the gargantuan Deutschlandhalle, sixteen thousand with-it German lumpenfreaks up after their bedtimes to adore their generation; getting it, but good, in a pandering rendition so laughable, we laughed.

In short, I came to Norman Jewison's and Robert Stigwood's production of *Jesus Christ Superstar* without much hope. But never discount Hollywood's ability to surprise, delight, thrill: This is a simply tremendous film.

This lavish film evokes the most personal of reflections; it cannot, I think, be discussed in that detached prose behind which film critics sometimes cower. Nor can its force and brilliance be communicated properly to those un-

aware of this reviewer's attitude toward the theme, which is generally bemused disbelief.

I was totally captivated, gaining a pleasure from *Superstar* that I hope others will experience. The throbbing music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, Tim Rice's pungent lyrics, André Previn's powerful conducting, Jewison's directing, the cast's exuberance and determination, the majesty of the Israeli desert where the film was shot, the often strikingly contemporary sets, and anachronistic, sometimes surrealistic costuming—all combine to move the viewer, or at least this viewer for once, to comprehension.

Radic-now-Wow rhetoric aside, the message given by Jesus is not entirely pacifism cum antiestablishment polemic; so much for *Godspell*'s tedious weightlessness. But the Carpenter's message is in a sense profoundly anti-*organized* Christianity; this aspect *Superstar* captures beautifully. Unlike much Sunday morning radio Christianity—those anti-life preachers pushing the virtues of denial, that car-Christ tackiness, the Scripture-thumping boredom—the story of Jesus here pulsates with human love. Perhaps because it shifts the emphasis slightly from Jesus to the Jesus-Judas relationship, *Superstar* will be thought sacrilegious. Maybe, owing to its wicked satirization of Herod's pomp and flatulence and the priests' cruelty, it will inspire the Pavlovian antisemitism cry, which to this Semite seems inane.

Others may belittle this triumph on myriad pretexts: Bloated, some could say, or too contemporary, or distortive, divergent from text. I think, however, all the standard make-a-buck motivations notwithstanding, that the makers of *Superstar* have given us a very special opportunity to ponder some crucial universal imperatives, not the least of which is the primacy of conscience over convention.

SHORT TAKES: With the ingeniousness and cool of *Sleuth* (1972), Stephen Sondheim's and Anthony Perkins' script for *The Last of Sheila* boils with excitement. The ultimate escapist fare, with exquisite taste written in every line, *Sheila* stars James Coburn, Richard Benjamin (in his only decent role in years), Dyan Cannon, Joan Hackett, Ian McShane, Raquel Welch (from whom *any* real acting is a surprise), and James Mason, in a thriller whose plot is too delicious to give away even a tittle of here.

A Touch of Class barely musters that. This 1940s (or 1930s, or 1950s) tale of a bored husband swinging with a divorcée, proves less that adultery can be sultery than that some too-often told tales are best left at rest. Glenda Jackson, George Segal, and enough contrived coincidences and spent-out clichés to last the decade exercise themselves to no avail.

Segal's at it again in another used-up whimsy, Paul Mazursky's quandrangle tale, *Blume in Love*: wispy, reminiscent of much that's come before, slick but awkward. The other male competing with Segal in *Blume* is Kris Kristofferson, the musik-meister, who, with James Coburn, Bob Dylan, and nearly every Western-flick has-been on the lot, populate *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*. This is a month for the familiar yarn, here Sheriff Garrett's chase-down of his ex-pal, the protohippie, baddie Billy. Like Kristofferson, Dylan might consider confining his labors to writing songs. And director Sam Peckinpah should chalk on the blackboard one hundred times daily: I Won't Spill Screen Blood Wantonly. . . . While we're on musicians who can't act, Mick Jagger turns up in a 1970 re-release: *Ned Kelly*. You cain't *git* no sa-tis-*fac*-tion here, old chums. □

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REACTIONS

ROBERT MOSES

O'Hara, Night Writers, and Critics

A few Sundays ago, I ran across a review by a tired professional critic, Maxwell Geismar, of Finis Farr's biography of John O'Hara. The review was entitled "O'Hara: The Least 'Irish' Writer"; no matter how you punctuate it, the ethnic slur is gratuitous. Geismar, no subscriber to the de mortuis doctrine, stripped O'Hara to the buff and then skinned him—not bothering to mention O'Hara's grasp (one might say mastery) of intimate personal dialogue, his almost too intimate knowledge of women's minds, his constantly drawing the veil in purdah, his toughness and cynicism, his immense productivity.

Geismar notes that O'Hara never got over his failure to get into Yale or his rejection for war service. He says O'Hara was a sycophant and an unhappy brother of the rich (until he became rich himself), a dried-out drunk, a phony Irishman, an inferior competitor of Scott Fitzgerald. But O'Hara never petered out like Fitzgerald. Nor was he envious of Bill Buckley's intriguing, cultivated, tongue-in-cheek Yale English. He had no desire to drive his readers to the dictionary. He told it like it was. He clinically studied shapely tarts, libidinous secretaries, and thwarted wives with exotic tastes. In his travels he observed not so much the scenery as, in the words of Homer, the cities and minds of many men. He proved statistically that he was not obsessed with sex, although simple arithmetic failed to convince Geismar. Nor has Geismar much understanding of O'Hara's background among simple Pennsylvania Dutch of pious cussedness, who, not wanting an influx of outsiders between themselves and a vengeful Deity, tolerated few non-German neighbors, but made an exception in the case of John's father. As the beloved Dr. O'Hara made his rounds, his small boy came along to hold the reins in the family buggy, and made mental notes for future short stories of the sinful, the sick, the sorrowful, the rarely joyful.

Mr. Geismar is not alone among the Daniels come to judgment. Another sour critic, Charles Nicol [*NR*, May 25], puts the case against O'Hara this way: The secret of O'Hara is that he was a reformed drunk. In his good days he lapped up venom and vodka, was fed his cereal by his wife, who then poured him into bed, where, equipped with yellow bumwad, he could produce a complete story by dawn, without a single typographical error—if he was not too smashed to produce anything at all.

Poor old John! What a repast for a night crawler brought up on German pancakes and sausages, to be reduced to anemic midnight snacks of sawdust, moistened by the skimmed milk of human kindness! Well, as Nicol tells it, O'Hara sort of went AA and got back to square meals, much to the discomfiture of the critics who regarded him as a semirefined ruffian and Yale man manqué. Finally, frightened into sobriety by a bleeding ulcer, he became a toothless Princeton tiger, an old grouch and nasty cynic, never ending his stories, but always leaving a chance for a profitable sequel. In his early years, Nicol summarizes, O'Hara lived his stories; later he only told them. With characteristic kindness and perspicuity, Nicol says O'Hara was a bum reporter in his early press days who boozed, brawled, overslept, muffed assignments, and often lost his job.

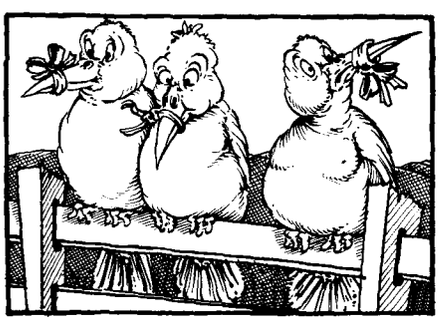
THE biographers, lecturers, critics, commentators, and columnists who solemnly perform autopsies on writers stress keyhole stuff like working habits. Odd working hours seem to intrigue these pundits enormously. But a night writer is not necessarily a sinus sufferer or insomniac—though there are many dolce far niente scavengers of dreams, of the bright thoughts engendered in Stygian darkness, the inspirations sometimes indecipherable at dawn and the awakening which turns gold back into dross as Aurora rides by.

O'Hara saved all his scribblings and sold them later at astonishing prices. In this respect he was not at all like, say, the late Walter Ripperger of Brooklyn Heights, a talented night writer who said there were only five basic short plots, and so gravitated from library to library looking for atmosphere. Walter typed after midnight and slept late. If the slicks turned down one of his dime stories, it went to the pulps for fifty bucks; his motto was "never keep anything on the shelves." (His wife, a distinguished editor, kept the wolf from the door.) He did not worry about posterity. He was in business. He sold staple goods.

Others—Sinclair Lewis, Hemingway, Wolfe, and O'Hara himself—were painstaking longhand scribblers and typers of notes that smelled of the lamp. They were masters of alliterative, metaphorical, and colloquial as well as classical English (which is much more than regional slang). They sweated so that their stuff would last. They embroidered, but the style of each was the man himself.

I CONFESS to a hearty dislike of the sophisticates who live by carping criticism—the little umlaut, accent grave, and cedilla boys and girls who solicit promotion in our colleges on the basis of their astonishing acquaintance with obscure works and their enormous vocabularies. They like high ground but shun the peaks. They don't get frozen on the way up Kilimanjaro like Hemingway's leopard. Mostly they stick to the south, sunshine, seashore, and their little mutual-admiration cliques.

We pay mind to critics simply be-



cause in an age of publicity they can't be ignored. I resent them, not because they are mean, arbitrary, captious, caustic, and personal, but because they won't put themselves in the shoes of those who have things to do; hatchetmen like Geismar should avoid reviewing writers to whom they can't do justice. From the Greeks to the Shaws and Menckens, sharp commentators have said that those who can, do, and those who can't, criticize. Christ said it better in characterizing the Pharisees and Sadducees who boast themselves, make broad their phylacteries, drop names, and have no interest in deeds. We have almost a monopoly of critics east of the Alleghenies, but they build nothing. □

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BOOKS

Congress, Presidents, and War

Foreign Affairs and the Constitution
By Louis Henkin
Foundation Press, 553 pp., $11.50

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

"Volumes about the American Constitution and about American foreign relations abound," writes Louis Henkin, "but they are two different mountains of books. Those that deal with the Constitution say little about American foreign relations; the others expound . . . foreign policy . . . but the controlling relevance of the Constitution is roundly ignored." The two mountains have now come to Mohammed. Louis Henkin, who was actively engaged for a decade as a State Department officer in the conduct of foreign relations, is Hamilton Fish Professor of International Law and Diplomacy at Columbia. His other career, pursued concurrently, has been as a student and teacher of American constitutional law.

Foreign Affairs and the Constitution is really two books, of almost equal size. There are 280 pages of text intended to be accessible to a general public—*a* general public, not *the* general public. He who runs may read, and he will take something away. But in order to get his money's worth he had better be reasonably informed to begin with, and pretty highly motivated. He will find in these pages an overview of constitutional arrangements relevant to our foreign affairs, peaceful or otherwise, that does not hide difficulties, doubts, and ambiguities, but does not oppressively dwell on them. The specialist may be somewhat put off by a certain avuncular tone. But no matter how much he knows and in what depth, this text will help him collect his thoughts, and check and organize his own perceptions. And then there are over two hundred pages of footnotes, numerous ones constituting valuable little essays, and all of them good water for the specialist to swim in—to and sometimes beyond his depth—and for the generalist to dip his toe in.

MR. HENKIN came to professional maturity with and after World War II, and he is, therefore, essentially a President's man. Now, Mr. Henkin is one who really did come to maturity, intellectually and not merely chronologically, and so he brings measure and balance to his subject. And he is a constitutionalist. But he is strong for presidential power in the "vast external realm" of foreign affairs, as Justice Sutherland called it, "with its important, complicated, delicate, and manifold problems." Mr. Henkin thus speaks for the main tradition in the history of the Republic, a tradition of both scholarship and practice; and consequently with enormous, I should say unquestionable, authority when stating the limits of independent presidential power, as here and there he has occasion to do.

The President, writes Henkin, "can conduct our foreign relations and can deploy American forces for foreign-policy purposes, at least when Congress is silent." But, he goes on, "a President begins to exceed his authority . . . if he willfully or recklessly moves the nation toward war, and a responsible President, loyal to his constitutional oath, should stop, or seek the authorization of Congress." And Congress has the power "to unmake war" as well as to declare it; the power, without attempting to assume an impossible tactical command, to decide that a war should not be extended, that it should be limited, perhaps that it should be conventional rather than nuclear, and certainly that it should be ended.

This is good, clear, cool constitutional sense. It means, says Mr. Henkin, that there came a time—in 1965, perhaps he would agree—when Vietnam, like Korea a decade before, developed into "what surely must be called a war within the meaning of the Constitution, and it was not for the President to wage it on his sole authority." But then, if one may say so, Mr. Henkin proceeds, as so rarely in his book, to a flat and insufficiently supported assertion, which is at the very least subject to legitimate question. It is indisputable, says Mr. Henkin, that the President obtained the necessary approval of Congress for the enlargement of the Vietnam war in the Tonkin Gulf resolution of 1964, and in subsequent repeated congressional appropriations in support of the fighting in Vietnam.

THIS IS the President's man overspeaking. Given the President's freedom to make foreign policy and then to deploy troops in pursuance of it unless Congress is forehanded in trying to stop him, should there not be a requirement for specificity of authorization at the point at which foreign policy escalates into war and the President is constitutionally bound to seek the consent of Congress for further action; should there not then be a requirement that authority be conferred specifically, rather than in broad pro forma fashion?

If such a requirement is applicable, then the Tonkin Gulf resolution will not do. "Consonant with the Constitution of the United States," it declared, " . . . the United States is . . . prepared, as the President determines, to take all necessary steps, including the use of armed force" to assist states in Southeast Asia which seek assistance. This language is entirely consonant with the view that "consonant with the Constitution of the United States," the President was to come back to Congress before he committed a land army of a half-million men to a full-scale war in defense of a particular country unnamed in the resolution. Of course this is language that can be read to have authorized anything at all, including the dropping of a hydrogen bomb

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on Peking. But the question is whether there exists or ought to exist a constitutional requirement that Congress authorize war specifically, at a given time and place, and in context of conditions actually prevailing when the act of war is to be undertaken, rather than vaguely and indefinitely. For if not, if there is no such requirement, then the constitutional obligation to seek congressional authorization for full-scale war becomes a sham. The President gets general approval really of no more than his general objectives before the risk of full-scale war has materialized and before its nature is clearly seen, and then in due time makes his own independent decision whether or not to go to war. In that later decision, the real one, which Mr. Henkin says there is a constitutional obligation to submit to Congress, there is in fact no congressional participation.

As to later congressional appropriations in support of an ongoing war, and even expressions of support for forces already in the field, surely there can be no substitute for an initial responsible decision by Congress whether or not to commence a war. By this time the question is whether Congress can summon the will to end hostilities, which is quite a different problem, if for no other reason than that we can generally begin a war by ourselves, but it takes two to end it. Short of summoning the will to end an ongoing war, and the wit to know how, the only responsible or patriotic or decent thing that Congress can do at this stage is to appropriate. And if to appropriate is to ratify, so that the President's constitutional obligation to obtain the consent of Congress is thereby discharged, then the obligation is a sham. The obligation has at the very least been stood on its head. It is imposed on Congress to support the President's independent initiative, rather than on the President to seek the approval of Congress. To appropriate money in support of a war the President is already waging is no more to ratify his action in responsible fashion than to appropriate for the payment of the salaries of his staff.

The Constitution requires affirmative congressional action to commit the country to full-scale war. This constitutional requirement is not fulfilled by compelling Congress to risk defeat in a war that has been started without its consent if it wishes to avoid being held to have consented, or by compelling it to order the war stopped, but suffer its continuation until it can be stopped on acceptable terms.

The real complaint against the Vietnam war, says Mr. Henkin, "was not that the President usurped constitutional power but that, acting within his powers, he virtually compelled Congress to go along." And that, he says, is a complaint against the Constitution, not against the actions of a particular President. Whether we call what happened a usurpation of power or a perversion of our constitutional arrangements is of little moment; but the latter at least is the case. The complaint is not against the Constitution but against a perversion of it.

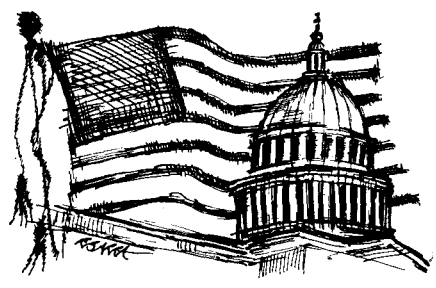
The quarrel I have with Mr. Henkin is a real complaint against his book, and just now an important one, but to let it color one's appreciation of the book, "taken as a whole," as they say in certain First Amendment cases, would be to take leave of any sense of proportion. □

A More Perfect Union: The Impact of the Civil War and Reconstruction on the Constitution
By Harold M. Hyman
Knopf, 562 pp., $15

HOW THE "SYSTEM" SURVIVED CIVIL WAR

WALTER BERNS

This book is one of a series on the impact of the Civil War, a series planned by the late Allan Nevins and now edited by Professor Hyman himself. One is tempted to say that this one volume is so comprehensive and so detailed that any other volume in the series would have to be redundant, but that would be a slight exaggeration. Still, not much more can be said on the subject. Hyman is concerned not merely with the impact of the Civil War and Reconstruction on the Constitution, as the subtitle of this book would have us believe, but with the impact of the Constitution on the Civil War and Reconstruction.



It is a traditional American habit to complain that the Constitution—or, as they say today, the "system"—is inadequate to the task at hand, be it one of war or peace, and problems can be avoided or solved by changing the "system." Thus today the "system" is blamed for the fact that Mr. Nixon surrounded himself with men who have no respect for law, just as the Constitution was, in some quarters, blamed for the inability of men to prevent the onset of the Civil War. We ought to know (as in fact the Founders knew, despite the extent of their reliance on institutional devices) that even the best of institutions require good men to make them work. In the event, despite the complexity of the problems during the Civil War, the Constitution proved adequate to the task.

To win the war (which it had to insist was not a war but a domestic insurrection), the government imposed a naval blockade of Southern ports and captured neutral vessels that tried to run that blockade. In 1863 the Supreme Court upheld this use of power arguing, in effect, that even though the Confederate States of America had no existence in the eyes of the Constitution —because no state or combination of states could secede from the Union—it did exist in fact, and this de facto existence converted, for some purposes at least, the domestic insurrection into an international war, entitling the United States to exercise belligerent powers under international law.

If no state may secede from the Union, then neither Texas nor any other Southern state was ever out of the Union, and it would seem to follow that Texas had continued to enjoy the authority it possessed under the Constitution, specifically the authority to sell its property. But the property in one case consisted of United States bonds, which Texas had received before the war (that was not a war), and Texas had sold them in order to buy guns needed to carry on the war (that was not a war), and the Supreme Court ruled that the pretended secession had, as Professor Hyman puts it,

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"placed Texas outside a state's proper relationship to the Union"—which is to say, certain of its acts during the period of its pretended secession were illegal, and Congress, exercising the powers given the United States necessary to "guarantee to every State . . . a Republican Form of Government," would determine the political course Texas had to follow to win back its respectability.

THE CONSTITUTION proved adequate to the task of winning the war; the Court sustained Lincoln's use of the war powers and denied him those powers, in the case of martial law, only after the war (in the *Milligan* case); and when, at the outset, Chief Justice Taney sought to deny Lincoln the power to suspend the privilege of habeas corpus, Lincoln ignored the order and, in his masterly message to Congress shortly after the event, proved he was a better constitutional lawyer than Taney.

What of the impact on the Constitution? It was both great and, strangely —when one considers the bitterness of the war and of the passions it aroused —not so great. The 13th, 14th, and 15th Amendments would appear to have altered profoundly the character of the federal union. The former slaves were made "freedmen," if not yet freemen, and citizens, both of the United States and of the states in which they resided, and entitled to all the rights, privileges, and immunities of citizens generally; and Congress was given the specific authority to enforce these new provisions. But how to use these powers in the face of opposition from the Southern states, especially after they had regained their places in the Congress, and from the Democratic Party as a whole? How, indeed, to remake or reconstruct the Union with a President at odds with the majority of Congress, and with a Republican Party at odds with itself? Formally, then, the Constitution was changed, but there was no will to use the authority to make sweeping changes in the relation of states and nation. To some extent, the Constitution itself stood in the way. It requires rights to be secured with, and only with, the consent of the governed, and that consent was not always forthcoming.

It would have been easy to impose a continued military rule on the former rebel states, but the Constitution would not permit this. It would have been easy to abandon the attempt, and simply allow the Southern states to write their own terms for rejoining the Union, but the Republicans were too attached to the cause of the newly freed Negroes to permit this. In the event, as Hyman elaborates in the last couple of hundred pages in this book, the Republicans turned to the federal courts.

> The basic Republican method was to build, enlarge, and improve jurisdictional-removal bridges from the state to national courts. It was a commitment and method so compelling that every congressional statute enacted during Reconstruction that dealt with the enforcement of national laws or the securing of rights under the 1787 Constitution contained clauses appropriate to these ends.

The Presidency lapsed into a state of desuetude, for a period, and the Congress eventually gave up the effort to reconstruct on the basis of civil rights for all, but the courts were given new jurisdiction, and gradually, and in our time dramatically, this reliance on the judiciary has borne fruit: some sweet, but, because of the passage of too much time, some bitter, and, as Billie Holiday used to remind us, too much of it "strange."

HYMAN has written the complete and authoritative book on these great themes, and he is entitled to the judgment he makes on the last page. The Republicans failed to translate into reality their vision of equal treatment for all Americans, and that vision dimmed. But, as he rightly points out, "it never disappeared." □

RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Leonard Lurie is all for *The Impeachment of Richard Nixon* (Berkeley, paperback, 95 cents). . . . Another Wodehouse, *The Plot That Thickened* (Simon & Schuster, $6.95).

■ OUT NEXT MONTH: Seumas Stewart's *Book Collecting* is a guide for tyros (Dutton, $8.95). . . . *Whatever Became of Sin?* asks Karl Menninger (Hawthorn, $7.95). . . . Colonel William S. Hauser doesn't despair of *America's Army in Crisis* (Johns Hopkins, $8.50). . . . Jaunty title for the memoirs of gossip columnist Joe Hyams: *Mislaid in Hollywood* (Wyden, $7.95). . . . *The Fourteenth Chronicle: Letters and Diaries of John Dos Passos* is edited by Townsend Ludington and shapes up as Gambit's biggest this fall ($12.50 till Jan. 1, then $15). . . . Surely you can guess the thesis of Dr. Robert Stein's *Incest and Human Love* (Third Press, $7.95).

Multi-talented and still in his early twenties, Mark Evans says most of his generation reject the counterculture, asks *Will the Real Young America Please Stand Up?* (Stackpole, $6.95). . . . Jack Anderson modestly calls the story of his scoops *The Anderson Papers* (Random, $6.95). The same publisher collects Régis Debray's *Prison Writings* ($7.95; Vintage paperback $1.95). . . . A pink-tinted view of American prisons from Jessica Mitford, *Kind and Usual Punishment* (Knopf, $7.95). . . . Mary McCarthy collects her recent writings for *The Seventeenth Degree* (Harcourt, $7.95). . . . *A Theory of International Relations* is an abridgment of Raymond Aron's *Peace and War* (Anchor $10; paperback, $4.95). . . . Military analyst R. W. Thompson is critical of *Generalissimo Churchill* (Scribners, $8.95). . . . Frank Freidel's *Franklin D. Roosevelt: Launching the New Deal* is the latest in the FDR-as-conservative genre (Little, Brown, $12.50).

■ PAPERBACKS: *Supermoney* by "Adam Smith" due in October from Popular Library ($1.95). . . . William Gilder and Kenneth Turan profile coach George Allen in *The Future Is Now* (Dell, Oct., $1.25). . . . Ira Gershwin's *Lyrics on Several Occasions* reprinted this month by Compass with a new introduction by Betty Comden and Adolph Green ($3.50). . . . Manor issuing Edith Efron's *How CBS Tried To Kill a Book* (Oct., $1.50).

■ OCTOBER AT HARPER: For the coffee table *and* the library, Leni Riefenstahl's *The Last of the Nuba* is an anthropological study of two Sudanese tribes and features 100 Riefenstahl photos in color ($17.95). . . . E. J. Kahn Jr. studies *Fraud* in the mails ($8.95). . . . Stephen Birmingham, having limned America's rich Jews, turns to the fat-cat Irish in *Real Lace* ($10).

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The New Left and the Origins of the Cold War
By Robert James Maddox
Princeton, 169 pp., $7.95

REFUTING GAUGUINISM

JACK CHATFIELD

"Interpretive schools," wrote Charles Beard at the height of the Progressive Era, "seem always to originate in social antagonisms." Out of the troubled epoch of the Vietnam war came a school of young historians who, following the lead of William Appleman Williams, began to question the orthodox interpretation of the foundations of American foreign policy. The revisionist wave crested in the late 1960s, in a climate of eager receptivity, with the publication of a spate of books on the cold war. With the exception of David Horowitz' *The Free World Colossus*, these books, to all appearances, were works of brilliant, often subtle scholarship written by skilled historians. Though they espoused a political viewpoint, the revisionist writers could not be dismissed as cranky ideologues. Indeed, some of the most compelling works of historical analysis have been written by men and women—the Civil War revisionists are a case in point—whose political and social philosophy was woven into the fabric of their analysis.

THE FIRST SERIOUS revisionist work was Gar Alperovitz' *Atomic Diplomacy: Hiroshima and Potsdam*, which made a tremendous impact in the universities and which made its author (in the words of one critic) the enfant terrible of the dissenting historians. Then came Gabriel Kolko's *The Politics of War*, the first of a two-volume study; then Diane Clemens' *Yalta* and Lloyd Gardner's *Architects of Illusion*. Four of the twelve essays in *Towards a New Past*, a collection of New Left writings that appeared in 1967, were devoted to foreign policy, and three of the twelve (including one by Christopher Lasch on the Congress for Cultural Freedom) touched on the cold war. (In an era of turbulent racial conflict, only two essays dealt with slavery, and *none* with the Civil War.)

There were counterattacks from other writers—notably, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Joseph Starobin in *Foreign Affairs*, Stuart Hughes in *Commentary*, and one long and exceptionally cogent critique of the revisionist viewpoint by Charles S. Maier in the 1970 *Perspectives in American History*. But until the publication of Robert James Maddox' *The New Left and the Origins of the Cold War*, no critic of the revisionists had questioned their importance or their intellectual integrity.

Now Maddox, in a series of short but explosive essays on seven cold-war historians, has done just that. He has examined the sources—government documents, memoirs, and collected papers—and has found that, time after time, the New Left writers doctored the historical record to bring it in line with their argument. There are important areas of the revisionist interpretation—such as Kolko's lengthy analysis of the European Left in 1945—which Maddox does not touch. But it is not his aim to rebut the revisionists point by point. It is, instead, to illustrate how these writers have manipulated and, on occasion, rewritten the documents to suit themselves.

Maddox' discoveries are stunning. Anyone who reads his book will have a difficult time taking cold-war radical revisionism seriously. Maddox is openly contemptuous of the New Left historians, and his essay burns with a polemical fire.

Of William Appleman Williams' *The Tragedy of American Diplomacy*, a book that contends that American statesmen had so internalized the principle of Open Door expansionism that they didn't have to talk about it: "It is difficult to escape the conclusion that where Williams had the facts he used them, and where he could find none he claimed their very absence corroborated his interpretation."

Of D. F. Fleming's *The Cold War and Its Origins*, a work that relies partly on newspaper and magazine accounts: "His writing is shot through with factual errors, it is based heavily on the day-to-day ephemera of reporters laboring under deadlines, and its biases show on every page."

Of David Horowitz' *The Free World Colossus*, a book by a nonhistorian written entirely from secondary sources, which includes paragraphs lifted almost verbatim from a book written by Howard K. Smith in 1949: "In developing his themes, Horowitz left scarcely a canon of historical scholarship intact."

And, finally, of Diane Clemens' *Yalta*: "What is one to make of such a performance? . . . That such errors occur so often and, moreover, invariably lend substance to her themes renders implausible the explanation of mere carelessness. Perhaps 'overzealousness' is the most charitable word one can use to describe her efforts to indict the Truman Administration for causing the cold war."

LIKE historians of every description, the seven authors under scrutiny differ in their approaches and have serious disagreements among themselves. (In a persuasive chapter in *The Politics of War*, Kolko lays waste to Alperovitz' contention that Truman and his advisers decided after Alamogordo that Russian aid was not needed against Japan.) At least one of them—D. F. Fleming, the Vanderbilt historian whose two-volume study was published in 1961—is not a New Leftist at all. But whether they are neo-Marxists, independent leftists, or unreconstructed Wilsonians, Maddox discovered that they had one disturbing trait in common: a marked tendency "to do violence to the historical record."

Williams, for example, has spliced together two conversations between Molotov and Secretary of State James Byrnes and then omitted most of what Byrnes said. Kolko so misreads a source that the number of German divisions the Russians feared *might* be moved to the Eastern front in early 1945 becomes the number actually moved. Gardner has literally rewritten a sentence from *Fortune* so that the magazine's modest hope for a stable "international order" becomes a desire for an "open *economic* order." And Clemens, in the final pages of a book de-

Alexander Bickel, *one of the foremost authorities on the Constitution, teaches at the Yale Law School. . . .* **Walter Berns**, *author of* Freedom, Virtue and the First Amendment, *is professor of political science at the University of Toronto. . . .* **Jack Chatfield** *teaches at Watkinson School in Hartford, Connecticut.*

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voted wholly to the Yalta conference, accuses Truman of speaking misleadingly about the agreement in spite of the fact that, as Maddox shows, Truman's language duplicated the Yalta accord itself.

There are other examples of distortions that are nothing short of breathtaking.

GARDNER, in his chapter on Roosevelt in *Architects of Illusion*, summarizes the Yalta agreement in the following terms: "While FDR did insist at this plenary session that there be free elections as soon as possible in Poland, the final protocol of the Yalta conference stated only that the new Polish government should be a 'reorganization' of the [Communist] Lublin government." In fact the final protocol includes the provision that the newly formed government "shall be pledged to the holding of free and unfettered elections as soon as possible on the basis of universal suffrage and secret ballot." Gardner's distortion of the Yalta accord, implying that Roosevelt got nothing more than a casual verbal assurance from Stalin regarding free elections, defies belief. Does Gardner think he was giving us a fresh interpretation of Yalta?

The technique of pulling a statement from its context in order to free it of its meaning is employed with such cheerful abandon by Professor Williams that it puts the dean of New Left revisionism in a class by himself. Because a discussion between Byrnes and Molotov about *Italy* does not satisfy him, he pretends they are talking about *Germany*. When an entry in Henry Stimson's diary about Japanese wartime psychology and the expected Allied invasion of Japan proves useless, he spoons out a tasty fragment and stirs it into a discussion of the atomic bomb. When the transcripts of the Teheran and Yalta conferences do not yield enough evidence about Stalin's obsession with the German reparations question, Williams pastes fragments of two statements together so that Stalin can become his "real" self. Williams must see himself as an historical medium translating the remarks of men who speak in tongues.

But he is not the only sinner.

Alperovitz uses a State Department report as grounds for his contention that Hungary, though occupied by the Red Army, had not been bolshevized by the summer of 1945. Yet he omits a paragraph of the report which describes Hungary as a Soviet-sponsored dictatorship. Clemens, through a deft use of ellipses, changes the meaning of an outburst by Truman about the approaching United Nations meeting in San Francisco so that Truman seems to be denouncing Yalta and telling the Russians to "go to hell." There are many unanswered questions about the cold war. But what is served by this kind of intellectual sorcery?

Because they touch pivotal points in the revisionist interpretations, Maddox' criticisms are devastating. Together with articles that have begun to appear in the historical journals, and works of fresh and disciplined brilliance like John Lewis Gaddis' *The United States and the Origins of the Cold War* (published in 1972), Maddox' essays threaten and in some cases explode the historical reputation of the New Left scholars. Charles S. Maier observed in his 1970 article: "Few historical reappraisals have achieved such sudden popularity as the current revisionist critique of American foreign policy and the origins of the cold war." The climate of acceptance seems to have evaporated as America ended her involvement in an agonizing and bewildering war. And, significantly, nothing has been heard from the revisionist camp since the publication of Kolko's second volume in 1972. Is this a lull, or has the age of cold-war radical revisionism passed?

Paul Gauguin said of his painting that it was not an attempt to reproduce reality but a "series of decisions or choices." His was a creative departure in art. But historical writing is doomed forever to be encumbered by "reality" —not in the absolutist, Rankean sense of things "as they actually happened" but rather as fragmentary evidence, documentary and otherwise, to be weighed and sifted by a judicious and creative mind. The revisionists seem, on occasion, to have discarded evidence so that, floating free in extrahistorical space, they could make a series of "decisions or choices" about the past.

There are parts of the revisionist argument that still seem to me to be intelligent analyses resting on solid research (sections of Alperovitz, Clemens, and Gardner, for example). But in the case of the oldest and most prominent of the New Left revisionists, William Appleman Williams, Maddox' essays may have done him in.

In his reply to a favorable review of Maddox' book in the *New York Times*, Williams actually defended his fictionalization of history. Without denying that Stalin never said what he attributed to him, Williams wrote that he had quoted "the heart" of a comment by Stalin (in fact he had joined "the heart" to another body) "because I concluded that it revealed (emotionally and intellectually) the high priority that Stalin and other Soviet leaders assigned to reparations." Williams' statement reveals *The Tragedy of American Diplomacy* for what it really is: a novel rather than a work of history. With friends like himself, perhaps Williams does not need enemies like Professor Maddox after all. □

Sturgeon's West
By Theodore Sturgeon and Don Ward
Doubleday, 186 pp., $5.95

READING FOR PLEASURE

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

It's hard to believe now, but just a couple of decades ago most of our best authors took pride in writing commercial short stories. But with the rise of TV and the collapse of the pulps and general-audience slicks, the genre is nearly extinct, its nearest surviving relative being that species of sterile, copybook exercise turned out grimly by university students of creative writing.

The demise of the short story especially saddens those of us, 35ish and up, who remain convinced that even the pulp fiction we used to devour was better entertainment than the best TV soap opera, situation comedy, or Western. And we have a point, I believe, as anyone who reads *Sturgeon's West* will have to admit.

THEODORE STURGEON, best known as a science-fiction writer, proves in this collection of magazine stories that he can also turn out first-rate Westerns. Each of the stories is perfectly crafted, following the old theory that a successful short story must have a beginning, middle, and end, yet each is fresh and unconventional, adhering to no specific formula. The characters are drawn in

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depth and with quick, clean strokes, and motivation is made to seem more convincingly complex than is possible in any episode of *Gunsmoke*, say, or *Bonanza*.

And then there's the sense of place. Most TV Westerns seem to be shot on the same Southern California set. But in print the setting comes alive, perhaps here most vividly in "Cactus Dance," an offbeat story that will speak to anyone who has lived in the Southwest. If you've seen the giant sahuaro cactus, for instance, peering at you over desert mounds in the moonlight, you know that it seems to be straining to move, like some pre-human species that never developed the ability to walk. And we have seen a jumping cactus leap at one of our daughters, fastening her with its spikes.

The sense of place that informs these stories, the understanding of what makes a region and its inhabitants unique, seems to be disappearing from our literature, its disappearance closely linked to the death of the commercial short story. And this is a shame, for I'm convinced that my children do not gain from their TV shows a feeling for the diversity of our country comparable to the feeling I derived from magazine fiction.

WE LOST a lot when we lost the commercial short story. If you don't remember what it was like, if you've never read a fast, well-made short story just for the fun of it, try this collection. And if you grew up as I did, gobbling down issues of *Luke Short's Western* or *Zane Grey's Western* (of which co-author Don Ward was editor), or even, somewhat surreptitiously, *Ranch Romances*, then you'll enjoy Sturgeon and Ward as a reminder of when we all believed in reading for pleasure. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

DOROTHY THOMPSON: *A Legend in Her Time, by Marion K. Sanders (Houghton, 428 pp., $10).* The name Dorothy Thompson now rings a faint and far-off bell, but in her heyday, the Thirties and early Forties, she was the "First Lady of American Journalism" and her voice was broadcast loud and clear into millions of American homes. As columnist and radio personality she helped rouse an isolationist-minded country against the Nazis. And although her critics labeled her shrill and hysterical, she was one of the first journalists to perceive the plight of European Jewry. This biography thoroughly documents a checkered career. And while the author establishes Miss Thompson as a woman of sprightly talent, she also acknowledges some of the more unlovely traits. Dorothy Thompson could, for instance, be enormously dishonest. While glorifying motherhood she was almost criminally negligent with her own son. She called for wartime thrift but indulged her own considerable appetite for luxury. And although she seemed to see herself as the country's moral keeper, she often led an unabashedly immoral life. Nor is there ever a hint that she recognized the double standard here; rather, she seemed to believe the standards she publicly espoused simply didn't apply to her. She had, in fact, an enormous ego. But she becomes a more sympathetic figure as the wife of Sinclair Lewis. Her honeymoon diary records, "It was a nice day. Hal [Lewis] didn't lose his temper with me once." And a few months later: "Bad temper is the most destructive of human faults. It supplants trust with fear; it poisons love; it breeds aversion or indifference; it sterilizes emotion." Yet the marriage lasted for 14 years, and after a painful divorce, her journalistic reputation continued to grow. But after the war her career plummeted. In a quirky and disastrously unpopular move, she supported the Palestinians over the Zionists and was never able to regain her foothold. Newspapers dropped her column, her public began to desert her. Her biography shows her to be a woman whose talents depended upon enormous energy and boldness. She died in 1960, lonely and largely forgotten. The story serves to remind us that even the brightest talent can wane.

P. S. COYNE

THE SECOND SIN, *by Thomas Szasz (Doubleday, 121 pp., $5.95).* Author of *The Myth of Mental Illness*, *The Manufacture of Madness*, and other works pushing his view that enforced therapy is a crime which "like rape, should be prohibited and punished by the criminal law," Dr. Szasz takes on now the "sin" of speaking clearly. In a series of clipped, concise paragraphs about marriage, sex, drugs, psychotherapy, ethics, feminism, suicide, and other matters, he takes a leaf from his hero Orwell, who observed that "political language . . . is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable, and to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind," and gives the back of his hand to his villains, tyrants ranging from the political (Stalin, Hitler) to the therapeutic, like Freud. Uncompromisingly libertarian, joyfully iconoclastic, frequently insightful, possessed of a biting style, Dr. Szasz lives up to his reputation as America's most perverse psychiatrist. He discerns the manifold evils not only in Communist society but also in our own: compulsory conformism, mindless obedience, blind faith. "Ours is an age in which partial truths are tirelessly transformed into total falsehoods and then acclaimed as revolutionary revelation," he insists, sticking needles into Negro fanatics, drug proselytizers, psychiatric zealots, and others who've made speaking clearly an endangered American species of communication. Unlike the liberals whom he obviously detests, Szasz believes in the existence of Good and Evil, a shocking and unfashionable idea. When you send a copy of *Second Sin* to your very favorite Supreme Court Justice, mark this passage: "There can be no humane penology so long as punishment masquerades as 'correction.' No person or group has the right to 'correct' a human being; only God does. But persons and groups have the right to protect themselves through sanctions that are, and should be called, 'punishments,' which, of course, may be as mild as a scolding or a small fine, or as severe as life imprisonment or death."

D. J. C. BRUDNOY

MEMOIRS, *by William Butler Yeats, ed. Denis Donoghue (Macmillan, 318 pp., $7.95).* Here, published for the first time, are Yeats's 1916 draft of an Autobiography covering the years 1887 to 1897, and his daily journal, most of whose entries are from 1908 to 1910, although there are a few sporadic notes from as late as 1930. In the Autobiography, Yeats attempts to analyze, in retrospect, his relations with various friends and enemies —Maud Gonne; Johnson, Symons, Dowson, and other members of the Rhymers' Club; Wilde; Moore; O'Leary; Synge; Lady Gregory. He also dwells on his conflict between wanting to be purely a poet and thinker and wanting also to be a man of action. The Journal narrates day-to-day problems as they occurred (such as the complicated politicking at the Abbey Theatre); adumbrates poetic and philosophic theories; and gives many ideas for poems, as well as poems in various stages of revision. Thus, the Autobiography concentrates on Yeats's view of current controversies; the Journal tends more to show how a poet's mind—or at least this poet's mind—works. Each in its own way is valuable. There are, of course, disappointments. One may have suspected that Yeats was humorless and this book confirms that suspicion. He was also more than a little pompous: The high, formal style that works so well in his poetry works much less well in accounts of table-turning and crystal-ball reading. And we learn more than I, at least, wished to know about his sexual frustrations. Nonetheless, students of Yeats and of the Irish renaissance generally must read these memoirs. However, readers who don't already know something about the period should start elsewhere. Yeats was writing here for himself. So, even with the editor's helpful, copious notes, if you don't already know what he's talking about, you still won't when you've finished.

L. BRIDGES

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 866)

support of over 280 representatives and 77 senators who have supported this legislation.

HAROLD B. LIGHT
First Vice Chairman
Union of Councils
San Francisco, Calif. for Soviet Jews

Second Energy Message

Several days after we expressed our displeasure with President Nixon's energy message ["The Lights Are Going Out," July 6], the President came forth with his second energy message of the year. We would be less than honest if we did not admit to being highly encouraged. We objected to President Nixon's failure to propose specific funding of research aimed at extracting synthetic fuels from coal. He now advocates an increase of $50 million in the coal research budget (almost a twofold increase) for the coming fiscal year—a good start. We endorsed Senator Jackson's proposal that energy research be funded to the extent of $2 billion a year over the next decade. Proving that Watergate has not paralyzed all thinking in the Executive Branch, President Nixon calls for $20 billion to be expended for energy research over the next five years. A vital second step necessary to keep the lights turned on both today and tomorrow. Finally, in our book, *The Energy Crisis*, we noted, "There is no one guiding agency to give focus to the entire network of energy problems or perspective to any one energy research program." We applaud President Nixon's proposal to establish a Cabinet-level Department of Energy and Natural Resources.

LAWRENCE ROCKS
Greenvale, N.Y. RICHARD P. RUNYON

No Amnesty . . .

I was pleased to note your reference ["For the Record," May 25] to my position favoring amnesty for draft-resisters, based on the libertarian premise that in a free society the government may not properly impose a claim on an individual's life or services. However, I would like to make one thing perfectly clear: I am not in favor of general amnesty for the Watergate Five Hundred.

MANUEL S. KLAUSNER
Editor
Los Angeles, Calif. *Reason*

. . . and Other Watergate Notes

Re "Ehrlichmanese" [June 22], I think George Will may be making the situation more sinister than it actually is. Those of us who have spent years in government employment recognize Mr. Will's "Ehrlichmanese" for what it really is, "Bureaucratese."

Bureaucratese is not something new, nor is it attributable to Mr. Ehrlichman. It is an old, established dialect that has been used by federal (and I assume state and local) employees for as long as there has been government.

My own opinion is that Bureaucratese grew out of the age-old practice known vulgarly as "covering your butt." This practice is based on the valid thesis that the fewer concrete statements and ideas that can be attributed to you (as a Bureaucrat), the fewer errors you can be charged with, and therefore, the more intelligent you will seem.

Key West, Fla. RICHARD B. FRAZIER

The main reason for the obsessive American subscription to the "gentlemen do not read each other's mail" syndrome is that, unlike most other civilized countries of the world, America in its two-hundred-year existence has only once been up against the possibility of national destruction. That threat ended 108 years ago.

Granted that the break-in at the Democratic Campaign Headquarters was reprehensible, foolish, and technically criminal, to equate this with the supervision of the activities of Daniel Ellsberg by whatever means necessary is arrant nonsense.

If those responsible for the security of our country had failed to keep an eye on the comings and goings, the conversations and the character of a man who, having been cleared for the custody of government documents of the highest security classification, had signed a register for their safe-keeping and then arranged their public promulgation in the midst of a war, declared or not, they would have been highly derelict in their responsibilities. It has been stated that the supervision of Ellsberg by the Administration commenced in 1969. Now, the innuendo of the liberal press to the contrary, U.S. government agencies do not "bug" individuals for fun or to keep their forces busy or happy—there must have been, in 1969, some reason to suspect that Ellsberg did not smell like a rose, a suspicion that has been amply borne out by subsequent events.

Great Britain failed to exercise proper suspicion in the cases of Burgess, Maclean, Philby, and certain others much to their sorrow and national damage. This is not to suggest that Ellsberg was an enemy agent but it *is* to suggest that the difference between him and the gentlemen mentioned above is one of degree and not of kind. Each believed that he was the best qualified to decide what was needed for the welfare of his country and the world and that his implementation of his decision was the right one, whether or not those elected or appointed to make the decisions believed otherwise.

Washington, D.C. ELLIOTT B. STRAUSS

In the editorial "Watergate as Power Struggle" [July 6], you write, "Watergate has not changed the fundamental political equations in this country. The possibility of a new nonliberal national majority is based on major, irreversible changes. The shift of the population center southward and westward . . ."

By failing, however, to include the power of the news media to influence men's minds and actions, you may well have invalidated your equations. Thus Martin Hayden, editor of the *Detroit News*, has pointed out in an article in *Seminar* for June that the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, backed up by the wire services and the TV networks, in effect decide what is the day's news for the country, and its slant. Everything else is "non-event."

How decisive then are "irreversible changes," especially when a study of the voting records of congressmen shows that a significant number cave in under the steady and pervasive influence of the news media? Further, we often find that the tortuous reasoning of many vital judicial decisions, even those of the highest courts, merely repeats the thoughts, sometimes the very phraseology of articles which first saw the light of day in the pages of the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*.

ABRAHAM H. KALISH
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Washington, D.C. Accuracy in Media

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BOZELL

(Continued from page 895)

walls. On one block I saw a big Communist poster, alongside of which was a big poster put up by the Neo-Fascist people, followed by a poster about the Social Democrats, followed by a poster announcing the Communist victory in Vietnam, followed by another poster about the South Vietnamese victory. No wonder there's chaos in Italy!!

That night Tim, two other friends, and I left for Spain. The trip back, I think, was the most original and the strangest in history. The three of them had Eurail passes which let them travel freely through Europe. We decided to try our luck at passing them around (using the three passes for the four of us). Our first train left at 8:30 and got to Nice the next morning at ten. Half of the Italian army was with us and every compartment was absolutely packed, so we had to get seats (pull-out) in the aisles. We knew that we weren't going to get any sleep so we started telling Italian jokes; since the people there realized we were laughing at them, they gave us quite a few sweet smiles. One of us got on the baggage rack on top of us at which point this old grouch started going on, and on, and on about him until he ran out of breath. The rest of us had put our bags on our laps and tried to sleep that way. It worked out ok until I realized that the old man was resting *his* bag on top of my head! At that I guess I kind of blew up, because I knocked over a bunch of bags and also got on the baggage rack, and when he started yacking about me, I dropped my bag "accidently" on his head. That shut him up for the rest of the trip.

At Nice we decided to get off and spend the day on the beach, where we all slept. That night we took a train to Barcelona (ten hours). Once again I had to sleep on the luggage rack.

Friday morning we got into Barcelona and found out that we had to wait until nightfall for the train to Madrid. We spent about two hours looking for a place with showers, but everything was closed, so we remained filthy. At three o'clock we went to an outside service at the cathedral where they were to bring out a statue of Christ and there would be a short service. We got some seats and went to sleep until it started, but as it did, this man came around asking for payment for the seats, which got us so disgusted, we left. Can you imagine a charge for going to a church service?

For the next train we decided to reserve some seats. The three of them got some, and then Tim passed me his Eurail pass, and when I went, the man told me that there were no more reserved seats but he gave me a ticket anyway! That night we got on the train, and got kicked out of first class I don't know how many times. Even though we had seats, they were very uncomfortable, so Tim and I decided to move into first class. A while later another friend came in too. I went back after a while to speak with the guy that had stayed behind, and in came the other two saying that they had been kicked out. To make things more comfortable, I got on the racks again and another person got on the floor, while the two remaining people were able to stretch out. At around two, thinking that the ticket man would not come around anymore, I went back to first class and got into a compartment with two girls, and when I had just gotten comfortable on two opposite pull-out seats that formed a bed, in came the ticket man, and out went I. At around 10:30 A.M. Saturday morning, we finally made it back to El Escorial.

All in all, the trip may not sound as interesting as it really was, but I can assure you that I really had a great time, and only wish that I had had more time to spend in Rome, because I saw very, very little over-all. Money-wise, I kept it down to only going over $20, which I owe to Tim, and will pay out of my allowance. I wasn't able to meet Johnny, because I also left his address in Rome (I'm not too good at keeping addresses am I?). Will stop now, because I'm going to go broke on postage for this!

All love, Brent

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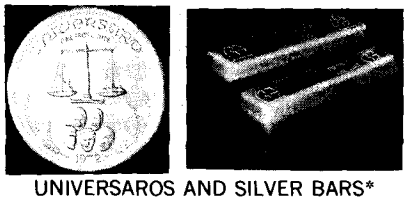

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Presidential Tapes

On The Right

New York, July 25—Concerning the presidential tapes, a few observations:

1. Should President Nixon have taped his conversations in the Oval Office? Some will say that is a point of purely academic interest at this juncture in the investigation of Watergate. Others will say it is more than that, that Nixon's having taped these conversations is one more ray of light into the dark neurons of the presidential mind, increasing the public understanding of the dragon who sits in the White House.

It being so much the habit of his detractors to assume that modern sin is Nixon's invention, it became of course interesting to inquire whether other Presidents had taped some of their conversations, and the word came in at disconcerting speed from several quarters that the answer is yes, other Presidents have taped their conversations. FDR, for instance, LBJ as one would expect, and—JFK. *JFK?*

"Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.," the historian and a Kennedy aide, reports the *New York Times*, "described the idea of secret recordings during the Kennedy Administration as 'absolutely inconceivable.' 'It was not the sort of thing Kennedy would have done,' Dr. Schlesinger told United Press International. 'The kind of people in the White House then would not have thought of doing something like that.' "

ONE CAN only imagine how Professor Schlesinger would have dealt with, say, Professor Arthur Burns, back at Columbia after his services to the Nixon Administration, had he said it was "absolutely inconceivable" that the men around Nixon could have plotted Watergate. The fact of the matter is that there are 68 tapes in the Kennedy Library of presidential conversations, and when they are made public, I am going to line up and listen to what Arthur said to Jack during the Bay of Pigs.

2. Now this does not of course mean that Presidents should tape conversations secretly. It says merely that non-Nixons have done it, including the two Presidents who have inspired Professor Schlesinger since he was a child, for whom he continues his childlike reverence.

The pressing point, pending a consolidation of the ethical position on presidential taping, is whether Nixon should release the tapes to the Senate Committee or, if not to the Committee, to a panel of distinguished citizens who would report to the Committee on whether these tapes corroborated John Dean's story of the implications of Nixon in the cover-up, or whether they corroborated Mr. Nixon's insistence on his innocence.

The *New York Times*' editorial on the subject is direct. "Why this evidence came to exist, the dubious legality or propriety of its collection, why its existence was not made known long ago—these are questions to be considered; but the essential point now is to have the evidence produced and made available to the public." This position is in refreshing contrast to the enthusiasm the *Times* editorial board has shown over the past decade for the decisions of the Warren Court, notoriously *Mapp* v. *Ohio* (1961), which ruled that evidence improperly gathered against the accused cannot be used against him. In a masterstroke of irony, the question concerning the legality of Mr. Nixon's tapes bears most directly on the question of the guilt or innocence not of someone else—but of Mr. Nixon himself. But Richard Nixon, though he has denounced the *Mapp* ruling, would hardly plead *Mapp* in behalf of himself. He pleads instead Executive Privilege. And more and more the question, as it shapes up in the public mind, is: Is there an Executive Privilege to survive any congressional investigation into executive behavior? □

THE PRESIDENTIAL TAPES—II

New York, July 28 — It having been established that there were tapes of President Nixon's conversations, including the critical conversations with John Dean, it is going to be very difficult for Mr. Nixon to argue convincingly that they ought not to be divulged.

On the argument of Executive Privilege: It should be understood that a privilege can be improperly asserted. It always most greatly strained relations between other Christian faiths and the Catholic Church that the doctrine of papal infallibility was, in the judgment of the critics of Pius IX, based on circular argument. The Pope, they said, cannot be infallible because the Pope says he is infallible. The Pope's insistence on infallibility was in effect a deduction. Well, so is Mr. Nixon's insistence that the tapes are privileged a deduction. But whereas the Pope during the nineteenth century had absolute authority over the Church and could therefore ratify his own assertions, the President does not have absolute authority over the question of the division of powers, nor over the question of what the privilege is. And, of course, he mounts a confrontation under the worst conceivable circumstances, because it is everywhere assumed that he does so for self-serving reasons rather than for reasons that touch only on his concern for the integrity of his office.

A BETTER argument, though not a sufficient one, is that private conversations simply ought not to be transcribed. For one thing they reveal mannerisms that are altogether inappropriate for the public print. Everyone knew, for instance, that President Eisenhower swore "like a trooper," as they so primly put it in the biographies, and this was thought to be a rather endearing detail. But nobody who was at the receiving end of one of Eisenhower's tirades thought it in the least endearing, and to read a transcript of such a tirade would be to reveal that which in the nature of things a man should be permitted to keep private. One needs to add to such obvious categories as spicy speech those colloquial characterizations of people which are death transcribed. I do not know just how, in the privacy of his chambers, Mr. Nixon refers to, say, George Meany; but if he knew Meany was going to be reading a transcript of his conversations Mr. Nixon would undoubtedly find himself saying to his aides, "Then there is the question of

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the silver-haired elder statesman of American labor, Mr. Meany."

Still, these difficulties could be coped with by the simple expedient of turning over the tapes to two or three men, perhaps retired judges, asking that they focus on the single question of whether Dean's conversations revealed Mr. Nixon's complicity in the cover-up. Said judges should then be asked to do nothing more than to check one of the following:

1. The tapes substantially corroborate the President's involvement in the cover-up.

2. The tapes substantially corroborate the President's non-involvement in the cover-up.

3. The tapes are ambiguous on the point.

LOOK, NOW, at the alternative. The argument of Executive Privilege is too abstract, and too implausible to capture the popular imagination. If Americans were unwilling to die for Danzig, they are at least as unlikely to want to die for Executive Privilege. Under the circumstances, they will take the President's refusal as grounds for properly drawing adverse inferences. It may be that the President's advisers console him with the bitter datum that the American people (71 per cent) don't believe him anyway, so how can he be worse off as far as they are concerned? Here is how: There are only 18 per cent who want the President removed. The figure can climb, and then the President might suffer from what one might call the Eagleton Effect; every day, a fresh voice calling for—the removal of the President. □

WATERGATE AND REFORM

New York, July 31 —Here and there, legislators are actually thinking in terms of reform: reform based on the lessons of Watergate. Senators Schweiker of Pennsylvania and Mondale of Minnesota have introduced a complicated bill the burden of which is to cut down the money any individual can put into a political campaign, and let "the Federal Government," which is a code word for the taxpayers, foot the bill on a matching-funds basis.

The Senators are off rhetorically to a very poor start. Senator Mondale has said that this country must stop "putting our candidates up for sale to the highest bidders." This would suggest that Senator Mondale commanded a higher price when he ran for the Senate from Minnesota than his Republican opponent. Perhaps he did, who knows? —but it is surely unfriendly to suppose that everyone sitting in Congress today is there only to serve the interests of the highest bidders. If that is the case, why do they spend so much time disagreeing with one another?

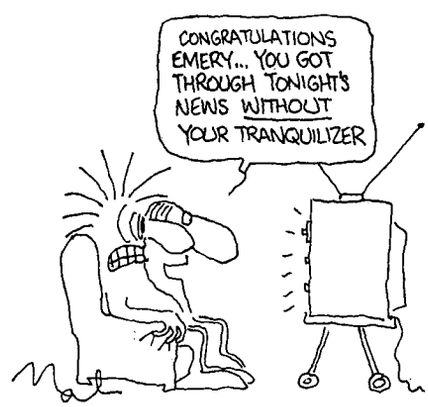
And Senator Schweiker said that his bill would "insure that a future Watergate will not happen." This surely is grandly to miss the point of the Watergate that did happen. Never was so much corruption committed by so many in search of so little money. The critics of Mr. Nixon, however resourcefully they search for economic motivations, are desperately hard put. Mr. Clement Stone of Chicago has contributed so much money over the years to Republican causes that the wonder is he is not now serving simultaneously as ambassador to England, Russia, France, Italy, and Tierra del Fuego. But in fact he just stays there in Chicago, making money in the insurance business, and hasn't asked anybody for anything. Disinterested political philanthropy is something that genuinely mystifies many Americans. Mr. Robert Abplanalp, not only a financial contributor but a close friend of the President, is absolutely untouched by scandal of any kind. All that money they talk about—$350,000 —that was skimmed off the funds of the Committee To Re-elect the President, for the benefit of the Watergaters, can hardly be thought of as economic profiteering. The alleged arrangement by which the families of the convicted burglars were to receive $1,000 a month while the breadwinner was in jail is hardly raffish. Most of the money obviously went to lawyers, and anybody who thinks that $350,000 is an implausible sum of money to pay lawyers of seven people is someone who is absolutely innocent of the cost of doing legal business.

Watergate is being elevated into something in the nature of civil original sin. If Mr. Schweiker wants to prevent future Watergates, the thing for him to keep his eye on is not the lucrative aspects of office, but the glamor of power. It is for the sake of power that the boys sat up at night, scheming to win the election. My own sentiments are similar to John Mitchell's, that the alternative to Mr. Nixon's re-election was too horrible to contemplate. And—as a matter of fact—I believe that the higher morality is more gravely offended by the rhetoric of candidate McGovern than by the red wig worn by Howard Hunt en route to Dita Beard. But it is also true that those who exercise power love it, and the more power there is to exercise, the more they love it. To suggest that cutting down allowable contributions to a political campaign will eliminate corruption deserves the scorn with which Dr. Wertheim dismissed the argument that the prohibition of couches would eliminate adultery.

Clearly there are grounds for reforms of a practical nature, and some of these reforms do indeed touch on the amount of money it is necessary to spend in order to present oneself to the voting public. Presidential campaigns are simply too long, and Messrs. Schweiker and Mondale would do well to get a commitment from their respective party heads to schedule the presidential nominating conventions in 1976 for mid-September. They would do well, moreover, to come clean—in the spirit of Watergate—and label their bill as a tax on the American public for elections. Since it is demonstrable that the tax base affects even those in the very lowest brackets, why don't they reinstate the poll tax—the proceeds to go to financing the campaigns? In that way a citizen who did not want to vote, not having been attracted to a candidate; or whose enthusiasm for a candidate was a velleity not worth the $2 poll tax, could stay home. In such a way the tax would coincide with the exercise of the vote, and it is always more desirable that the people who exercise their privileges should pay the cost of the administration of those privileges. There, then, a suggested amendment to the Schweiker-Mondale bill.

Beyond that, I would welcome a Joint Resolution To Deflate the Rhetoric of Senator Ervin. When he said the other day that Watergate was the biggest thing in America since the Civil War—bigger, we are to understand, than the two World Wars, the Depression, the Vietnam war, the assassination of Kennedy, the civil-rights revolution —one had the feeling that the spirit of Watergate, which is a form of political narcissism, has infected even our favorite country lawyer, and that is a very sad development, surely the worst since the fall of the Roman Empire. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)



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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Something or someone difficult to understand — 41 101 35 153 163 114

B. What all people are at some time or other — 46 190 89 118 186

C. The ringing or sounding of bells — 53 92 4 36 40 63 102 115 165 126 / 132 151 174 178 134 185

D. A Roman diviner who based predictions on inspection of sacrificial animals' entrails — 56 42 210 95 173 200 121 8

E. What a me-tooer likes to do — 61 171 11 214 68

F. A prophet of few words — 73 96 12 122 110 184 23

G. A French physician and astrologer (1503-1566) — 93 24 29 71 100 159 164 176 196 209 / 32

H. Where Chang and Eng slept — 104 25 158 43 203 143 13

I. A straw vote which can predict a landslide — 28 33 47 52 62 87 141 9 206 77

J. Unscramble NO DRAW — 108 119 135 15 154 146

K. A North American native or naturalized spirea — 188 140 3 6 59 74 144 160 31 169 / 177

L. What a me-tooer is — 195 58 105 182 26 107

M. Pocahontas' husband — 201 217 183 79 147

N. Thither — 113 179 148

O. What the dove might be in a future war — 30 38 44 117

P. Nonsense that too many people take seriously — 130 157 181 172 197 82 202 112 207

Q. The centennial of Lincoln's first election — 136 215 216 45

R. Publication that made amazingly accurate forecasts of 1924, 1928, and 1932 presidential elections, but missed 1936 completely — 51 7 39 57 72 80 84 123 128 131 / 213 2 22 66

S. A general movement — 133 116 106 180 16

T. The heaviest metal known — 161 156 60 17 99 86

U. An English village haing a periodic fair or market — 167 88 124 27

V. What a book having a leather binding on the spine and corners and paper or cloth sides is — 37 69 21 129 205 125 162 120 48

W. Prohibit — 90 137 1 198 64 212

X. She was endowed with the gift of prophecy but fated never to be believed — 94 187 65 70 189 152 208 142 204

Y. His tales inspired an opera — 139 75 49 83 19 97 111

Z. Lacking pity or kindness — 145 192 194 76 109 20 199

a. Pertaining to certain Icelandic and Norse literary works — 166 78 98 34 149

b. Supposedly predicting one's future — 170 54 91 138 155 175 5 55 14 81 / 127 211 10 103

c. To supposedly predict the future — 18 85 191 193 168 67 50 150

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 908 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

1 W	2 R	3 K	4 C	5 b	■	6 K	7 R	8 D	9 I	10 b	■	11 E	12 F	13 H	14 b	■	15 J	■	
16 S	17 T	18 c	19 Y	20 Z	21 V	■	22 R	23 F	24 G	25 H	26 L	27 U	28 I	■	29 G	30 O	31 K	■	
32 G	33 I	34 a	35 A	■	36 C	37 V	38 O	39 R	■	40 C	41 A	42 D	43 H	■	44 O	45 Q	46 B	47 I	
48 V	■	49 Y	50 c	51 R	52 I	■	53 C	54 b	■	55 b	56 D	57 R	■	58 L	59 K	60 T	61 E	62 I	
63 C	64 W	65 X	66 R	67 c	■	68 E	69 V	70 X	71 G	72 R	73 F	■	74 K	75 Y	76 Z	77 I	78 a	■	
79 M	80 R	81 b	82 P	■	83 Y	84 R	85 c	86 T	■	87 I	88 U	89 B	90 W	91 b	■	92 C	93 G	■	
94 X	95 D	96 F	97 Y	■	98 a	99 T	100G	101A	102C	103b	■	104H	105L	106S	■	107L	108J	109Z	
110F	111Y	112P	■	113N	114A	115C	116S	■	117O	118B	119J	120V	121D	122F	123R	■	124U	125W	
126C	127b	128R	■	129V	130P	131R	132C	■	133S	134C	■	135J	136Q	137W	■	138b	139Y	140K	
■	141I	142X	143H	144K	145Z	146J	147M	148N	149a	150c	■	151C	152X	153A	■	154J	155b	156T	
157P	158H	159G	■	160K	161T	162V	163A	164G	■	165C	166a	■	167U	168c	169K	■	170b	171E	
172P	173D	174C	■	175b	176G	177K	178C	179N	180S	■	181P	182L	■	183M	184F	185C	186B	■	
187X	■	188K	189X	190B	■	191c	192Z	■	193c	194Z	195L	■	196G	197P	198W	199Z	■	200D	
201M	202P	203H	204X	205V	206I	207P	■	208X	209G	210D	211b	212W	213R	■	214E	215Q	216Q	217M	

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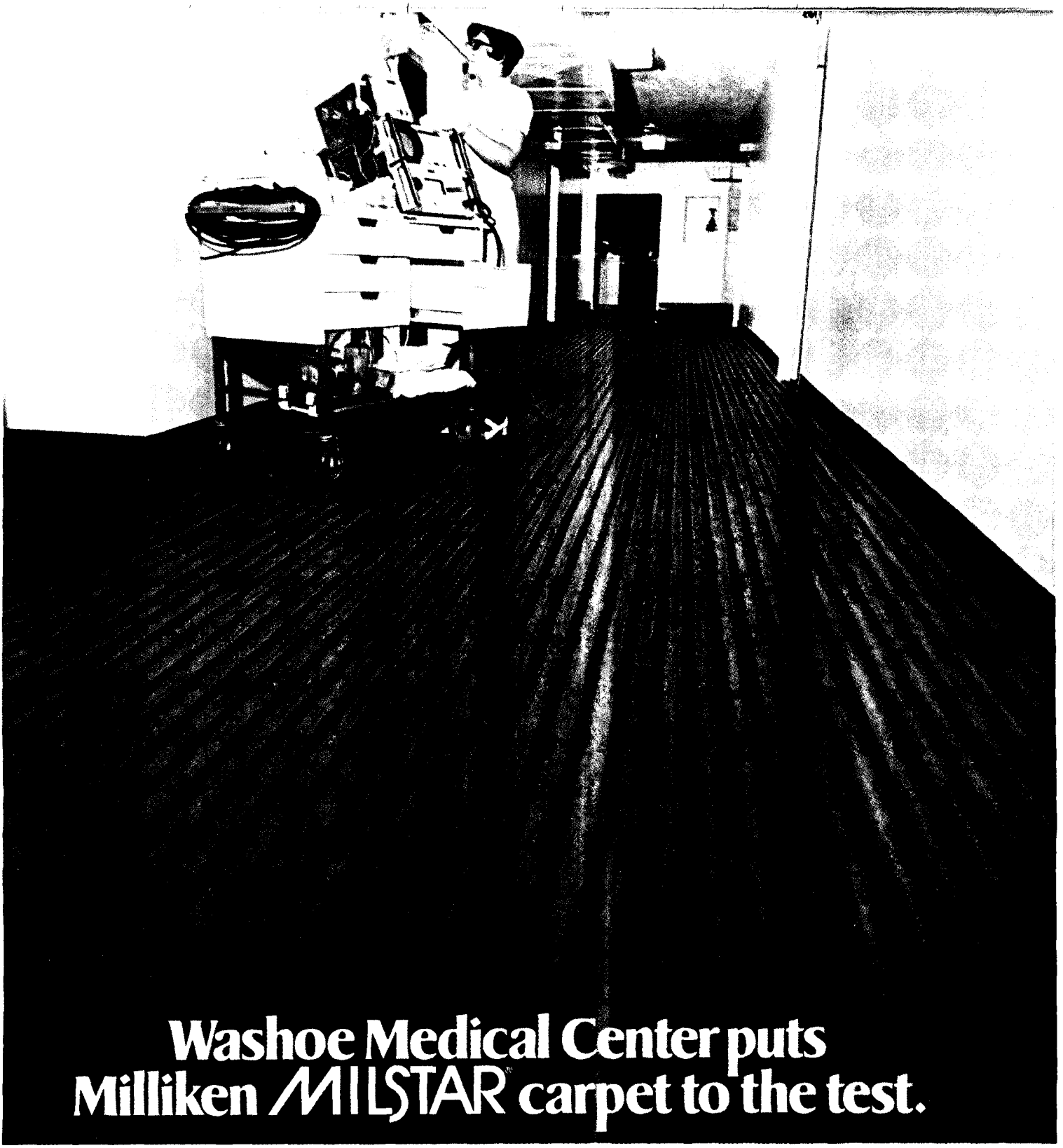

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